Northern Messenger

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A Leper Women's Prayer Meeting.

(By Mrs. E. G. Horder.)

Every two months the European missionaries at Pakhoi, instead of meeting together on Saturday for Bible reading and prayer, separate, and attend one or other of the five Saturday half-holiday prayer-meetings conducted by the Chinese. One will go to the leper men, another to the leper women or girls' school, a third to the teachers and male Christians, and so on as we are able.

To-day, thinking the leper women would be far too shy to lead the meeting in the presence of the missionary, the writer went fully prepared to conduct the meeting herself and give the Bible address. However, Tai-Che, whose turn it was to lead, was fully equal to the occasion, and it was a real joy to listen to this dear woman, after she had read forty verses from St. John vi. in her Romanized* Testament, giving a simple Bible talk on the Feeding of the Five Thousand.

In speaking of our Saviour supplying the need of these hungry souls, she reminded her listeners (there were twenty leper women present) that formerly she herself, and most of them, were beggars as well as lepers, and their need was great, but Christ found them. He inclined the hearts of English friends to help the poor lepers by building this nice home and sending the money to feed and take care of them. Christ brought them to the Asylum, and now he had brought most of them to himself.

Tai-Che spoke so earnestly, and yet so simply, that one just praised God for what he had done for her and the rest of the poor sufferers.

Tai-Che led in prayer twice. The meeting was then thrown open as usual, when many of the others also prayed. They offered intercessions for their Christian fellow-countrymen in the north, many of whom are in situations of great danger; they prayed that peace might soon reign,

TAI-CHE: A CHRISTIAN LEPER WOMAN.

and that the plague and famine in India might soon be arrested. Some prayed for the missionaries connected with us in the work here, some of whom are now in Hong-Kong, and others in England. They asked for a blessing also upon the services on the morrow. The hymns sung were translations of 'The great Physician now is near,' and 'I am Jesus' little lamb.'

Out of the thirty-two leper women inmates of the Asylum eleven are baptized communicants, and all take their turns in leading the weekly prayer-meeting.

Truly we can praise God for what he has done. Five years ago none of these dear leper women, with the exception of two, who had been in Missions schools, had ever heard the name of Jesus. Now he is their strength and song and has become their salvation.—(Church Missionary Gleaner.'

LEPER WOMEN WASHING CLOTHES AND DRAWING WATER, PAKHOI

*The Chinese learn to read their own language when printed in alphabetical form, generally called 'Romanized,' more readily than when printed in the innumerable Chinese characters.

A Canadian Missionary

WRITES AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM INDIA — SPEAKS OF THE WORK DONE BY THE POST OFFICE CRUSADE.

The following letter from the Rev. H. F. Laflamme, formerly of Morrisburg, Ont., will interest many 'Messenger' readers.

Cocanada, India, 19-2-'02.

Dear home folk.—Having just unpacked the box of papers for the use of our reading room and general literature work, which father sent from the kind friends all over Ontario and from some parts of Quebec, I want to say a word to you about the value and the appreciation of this branch of the work.

I have sent off this morning a lot of the Sunday School papers to Mrs. Nirfar, the matron of the Timpany School, who is the superintendent of the English Sunday school and the deaconess of our little English church, for use in that school, and have asked her to send them into all the homes. During the next few months these papers will be eagerly read by a large circle of the people in that community, who will not know where they have come from, but who will appreciate them very much. The fact is that the people have an appetite for reading, and if they cannot get good they will take the bad, and the devil and his emissaries see that there is plenty of that around for them to have. Among the Christian people of America there are great stacks of papers and periodicals and other literature, which is littering up their homes, and for which they have no use, and yet which is too good to destroy. In India we have a population which is learning English, and which in its effort to get that education spends all it has and is unable to provide itself with good literature or which may not have the mind to spend on that of which it does not know and in which it is not interested. To that population these papers and books come as a great boon.

I gave a bundle of the 'Youth's Companion' to a young graduate, who will take them home and after reading them carefully himself will select from them very helpful and useful articles and send them down to the next large town and they will come out translated into Telugu and circulate in one of the Telugu semi-weekly papers published there. He has articles from the Ram's Horn, which is sent to him by post from the office every week by some one in the postal crusade movement, and this morning I came across half a dozen of his articles translated in that way from the 'Ram's Horn' as I was looking over the exchanges that come to my table as the editor of the 'Ravi.'

Others of your papers I shall send down to the reading room, where after they have been read they will be distributed to all who make a purchase, be it ever so small. This plan prevents the papers being taken

into the bazaar for wrapping purposes, and gives them a much wider and more helpful distribution than any other that I can devise. Our customers represent all classes of the reading community, and those who cannot read, from the coolie woman who comes to buy a stamp with which to send a letter to her husband in Rangoon to the full graduate in arts and law who is practicing in the local and adjacent court.

Last week I made a division of all the magazines I had on hand, and sent down eighteen volumes of the Sunday Magazine, the Quiver and Good Words, Harper's and the Century, with one volume of the Cosmopolitan, to be bound and put into our circulating library. Many of these were given to me by the wife of a judge in the next district, when they were breaking up home in India preparatory to retiring. I had besides a box full of old magazines that I had brought out with me or bought up with some book and tract money at an auction sale in the club here for a mere song, and these I put in to be read by any one who wishes to do so, and to be sold to all at a mere nominal sum, say six cents for a Harper's, and this money will go to binding other books for the library. We have a little membership fee taken from those who wish to take papers home to read and that goes into our funds.

I would like half an hour in the attics of a good many homes in Canada and a free hand, I would come away with such a bundle of good reading matter as would make thousands of hearts in this land full of joy.

In travelling on the train the other day I met a gentleman to whom I handed a copy of the 'Ram's Horn,' and who after reading it sent me a letter as to the price of the paper. He said it suited his need, and he wanted to have it come into his home. I have applications from a place near Bobbili for a copy of the 'Youth's Companion.' I had dinner with a native Christian family in Waltair the other evening, in which one of the young ladies, who reads English freely, receives and eagerly reads the 'British Weekly,' sent them from the lady missionary of that place. My own copy is worn out when I get through with it. Mrs. Claxton, of Montreal, sends me her copy when she has finished it.

The leader of the local bar, a man who is at the head of more local institutions of an educational and philanthropic character than any other man in town, receives a copy of the 'Christian Herald' every week through the 'Northern Messenger' Post Office Crusade' effort, and he is deeply interested in it. I am sure that the news in that as to the aid given by America to the famine sufferers in India and particularly China opened his heart to give the liberal sum he did to the Leper Home at Ramachandrapuram. I have heard him say that there could not possibly be anything more Christlike than the way in which the people of America turned to the aid of the suffering Chinese after the latter had so brutally massacred their missionaries.

Many of the papers sent out by the crusade come to me, and they are very useful in providing matter for the Telugu weekly, the 'Ravi,' which I issue, and which is so helpful to the teachers, preachers and the schools in which it is used.

I do not know just what arm of the forces of Christ in this land the literature movement is, but I have sometimes thought it must be the sappers and miners. Then again when I think of the quick movement and the wide reach I have said it was the scouting force. There is no doubt whatever but that the village preacher is the infantry force, for so few of the people can read that he must bear for years yet the brunt of the fighting, but the wide spread of education, and an English education, is making this land very vulnerable to the attack of English religious and other literature.

Measures of Reform.

Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, Superintendent of the International Reform Bureau, has just returned from a three-weeks' tour of Canada. At the Toronto Convention he secured the influential co-operation of missionary secretaries representing 24 denominational missionary societies, for the treaty to forbid the sale of intoxicants and opium to all uncivilized races which Secretary Hay, in behalf of the President and the Senate, had asked the British Government to join in submitting to other commercial powers.

This great proposal was also welcomed enthusiastically by a great convention of the Ontario branch of the Dominion Temperance Alliance, which, with other Canadian bodies, has sent a resolution of approval to the British Colonial Secretary, the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

Senate Document No. 200 contains treaties, laws, and official utterances on this subject. Let those interested write to a Senator or Congressman for it.

Dr. Crafts remained after the missionary convention to do some city missionary work in Toronto, which is the best city in the world in Sabbath observance, and the largest city that ever gave a majority vote for prohibition, but is not so pre-eminent in the battles against gambling and impurity. To attack these 'The Reform Bureau's Toronto Committee' was organized, and secured from the police authorities an order forbidding the further sale of four obscene American periodicals and three bandit libraries. With the co-operation of other committees formed in Hamilton, Kingston, Ottawa and Montreal, it is expected that these and other periodicals and novels will be banished from the whole Dominion, and that coarse bill posters will also be more adequately censored by customs officers, who have authority to exclude whatever is 'immoral' or 'indecent.' Another result of the tour was the revival of an inoperative law authorizing the police to stop any immoral play. A more effective law on gambling is also likely to result.

The next legislative effort of The Reform Bureau in Washington will be to carry the Hansborough bill, which would stop the sale of liquors in immigrant stations and all government buildings, including old soldiers' homes. A hearing has been secured for April 22 or thereabouts.

It is already illegal to sell any kind of intoxicants in the Capitol building under the general District law, but this specific law might be enforced. This bill also provides a civil penalty for selling in violation of the anti-canteen law in buildings owned by the army, which would enable citizens to enforce the law in the many cases where military officers neglect their duty.

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The Quiet Hour: How I Keep It.

I almost fear to tell the method of my quiet hour, lest it should lead some young Endeavorer to break some holy habit which is being built up, of painstaking care. Each one of us must be led in his own way. For each some particular method has a special fascination, which might not be adapted to others. And perhaps, at one time of our life, we follow a plan which we foresake for another, as the years grow on us.

For many years I spent each day a considerable time on my knees, praying very minutely and elaborately about everything; and the pressure of my soul often rose to an agony. My Bible-reading was relegated to a minor and subordinate place. Latterly I have come to feel that it is more important to hear God speaking with me than to be always addressing him. And I delight to get into the garden, or on the seashore, or into the public park—there is one close to my home—in the early morning, with my Bible in hand, walking or sitting, meditating and praying. One is led to turn God's words into prayer; to talk to him aloud, as one could hardly do in a room; and to speak to him in the most simple and natural way about people and interests which are suggested by the Spirit.

In a word, do not be too eager to impress your thoughts on God, but wait till his thoughts make themselves felt within your soul, then turn them into words.—F. B. Meyer.

On the Inside.

When walking down a street one day, remarks some one, I passed a show window which a man was washing on the outside. There was a spot on this window which defied all the endeavors of the man to remove. After rubbing the spot with much exertion with water, soap and brush, he at last discovered the cause of his failure. 'It is on the inside,' he called to one of the clerks in the store.

Many persons there are who try to cleanse their souls from its impure spots themselves. They wash it with tears of sorrow, rub it with the soap of good endeavors, and brush it with the lather of morality; but for all that the spots are on the inside. The heart is impure; and if the fountain is bitter, the stream cannot be sweet. Nothing but the blood of Jesus, applied by the mighty hand of the Holy Spirit, can cleanse the inward parts; for God alone can reach to the inward parts.—From 'Kinder Bote.'

The Sunday-School Pastor.

The pastor must be a man who is not skeptical as to the importance of Sunday-school work.

He should attend the sessions of the school; know every officer, teacher and scholar; have a greeting for each (of course, at the proper time); should, from time to time, at the invitation of the superintendent, speak on the lesson of the day or give words of encouragement to the school.

It is not wise to ask your pastor to teach a Bible class. A busy pastor, who has faithfully watched over the flock not only to see that there be no friction among the members or in the societies, but who has visited the sick, comforted the bereaved, mingled in the social circle, sought out the unbelieving, strengthened the saint, and feasted often on God's Word, should not be expected to preach two sermons on Sunday and teach a class in school.—'Intelligencer.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Katherine Morgan, Student.

(Mabel N. Thurston, in 'Forward.')

It was the recitation in Virgil, and a slender, gray-eyed girl had just taken her seat. The visitor turned with a quick glance of appreciation to the teacher.

'That was an unusual translation,' he said. 'It was not only smooth and accurate, it was sympathetic as well—a quality that one hardly expects to find in a schoolroom. Who is the young lady?'

'Her name is Katherine Morgan,' the teacher replied. 'She and her Cousin Alice are the finest students we have; they come of a family of scholars.'

The scholar upon the platform nodded. 'I thought so,' he said. 'The first generation rarely does such finished work as that. I shall watch for the name a few years from now.'

His glance travelled back to the girl's face. Low as his words had been, it was plain that she had overheard; he knew it from the quick rush of sensitive color, and the light in her eyes. But when the class was dismissed, the girl passed the desk quietly, without a glance in his direction, He smiled a little as he watched her. 'She is genuine,' he said to himself; 'it will not hurt her to know.'

Out in the cloakroom the girl was hurriedly putting on her wraps. One and another called to her, but she escaped from the detaining groups as quickly as she could. When she was out on the wide village street she drew a deep breath of relief; she had so longed to be alone with the joy of it. So often she had heard her father quote Professor Stafford; and to think that Professor Stafford had praised her work, and said that he would watch for her name!

Her eyes grew dreamy—commencement first, with one of the honors; then college, and how she would work to win something there; something to prepare her for—what? She did not trouble herself with decisions—a dozen radiant possibilities hovered on the edge of her thought. But somthing worthy of Professor Stafford's word, worthy of the line of scholarly men and cultured women to which he belonged, she would give to the world.

Once she was aroused from her dreaming; it was when the old family physician drove so close to her that she started, involuntarily. She laughed when she saw who it was, and lifted her bookstrap triumphantly. 'Only one lone, solitary volume,' she declared, 'and a little one at that. You can't wither me with one of your awful glances this time. I refuse to be withered, sir!'

The old doctor looked after her affectionately. He had known Katharine Morgan all her life; but as he drove on, the smile changed to a troubled frown. 'I'm afraid she'll take it hard,' he said to himself.

Katharine, hurrying on, had already forgotten the doctor; but suddenly the fine exaltation seemed to drop out of her spirit, and her hurrying steps began to lag wearily.

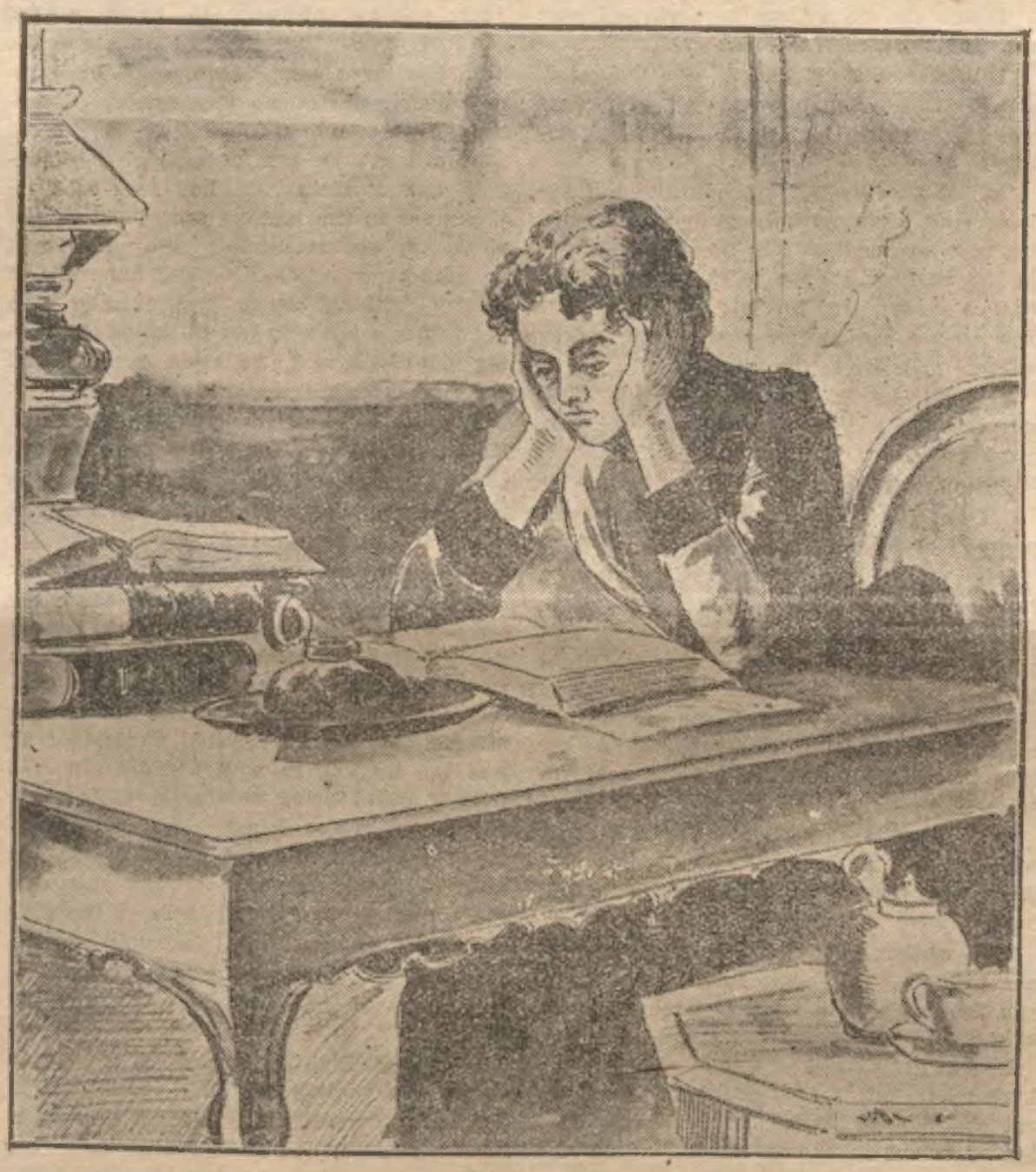
'It's because it's so warm this fall,' she said to herself impatiently. 'I wish it would grow cooler; I do so hate to drag round this way!' She crept listlessly up the steps. She had meant to go to her father's study and tell him the first thing. Father would be so proud over it! But she thought that she would rest a few minutes first; so she climbed slowly to her room and dropped down on the couch.

Two hours later she awoke. For a puzzled moment she lay wondering; then things began to come back to her. Her mother had been in, she knew; no one else would have folded the afghan about her just so. How long she had slept! Never mind—she was rested now—she had dreaded puzzling over those geometry originals, but she was sure that she could work them easily after a sleep like that.

She put on her pretty home dress, and then ran down to her father's study. He answered her knock, himself.

'Well, little truant!' he said.

'I know it,' Katherine answered. 'Isn't it a shame. And when I had something very specially particular that I couldn't wait to tell you, too! And I just walked up to my room and tumbled down into a great big sleep! I'm dreadfully ashamed of myself, but I have to confess it.'



THERE WERE NO LONG ENTRIES IN IT.

She was in her favorite place now, perched on the arm of her father's easy-chair. She put her fingers lightly over his eyes as she went on.

'Don't look at me—I can't tell it if you do. It—it isn't easy to tell anyway, because it sounds conceited. Only it isn't!'

Her father tried to say somthing, but the light, imperative fingers sealed his lips, and the girlish voice ran on rapidly.

'Professor Stafford was visiting school to-day, and came into our Virgil class. I was called on to recite, and afterwards I heard him say something about it to Miss Brooks, and he said that he would expect to hear from me some day. O father, do you know how glad I was? I'd work and work and work, if only I could! Father dear, please say that it isn't conceited of me to care!'

Her father smiled a little. 'I don't think I am likely to misunderstand, little daughter,' he said, quietly. 'It was a good word; one never need be ashamed of gladness over a well-earned commendation.'

Katharine, perched above him, dropped a quick kiss on his forehead. They had been comrades, always, these two.

'And the rest, father dear?' she asked. 'There's something else you want to say—I feel it in your voice.'

Her father did not answer at once, instead, the silence lengthened so that Katharine began to wonder. When he did speak he pulled her down so that he could study her.

'Katharine, why are you so anxious to make something of yourself?'

'Why, for you and mother, and because I think everybody ought to,' the girl answered, promptly. Then she laughed a little, and the color crept into her face. 'And I suppose because—this is confession, father—because I am proud of my ancestors and I want to be worthy of them. There, now—that's the worst! Are you shocked?'

But to her surprise her father did not smile or answer. He looked into her eyes with a gravity that almost frightened her.

'What do you mean by making something of yourself?' His question followed as if she had not answered.

'I mean,'—the girl replied, slowly—'It isn't easy to put into words; but I mean being a lady, a real, beautiful lady, like mother and grandmother and Aunt Alice; and, besides, studying till I know something a little—not the outside of it, but down into the heart of it. Father, I don't understand

—you look so queer! Isn' it right to wish it?'

'It is right to do more than wish, it is right to will to make the best of ourself, and all of ourself, that God wants us to; and that is enough to overbrim the deepest measure of our ambition. The trouble comes when we are not willing to study God's lessons, but want to choose our own.'

'Yes, sir,' Katharine replied, wonderingly. Her father was looking at her so strangely, almost pityingly, it seemed to her. She could not understand it. Her hands moved restlessly; they were thin, nervous little hands; her father closed his strong ones about them.

'Katharine, do you remember our talk the other day about the years of preparation needed for all great work?'

'Yes,' the girl answered.

'Would you be willing to work and wait and suffer years if necessary?

'I believe that I would,' she answered, steadily. Her breath came quickly; what was this strange, hard work that was coming to her?

'In all the world, little daughter, there is no such high and holy work as the making of a human life. The finest universities in the country cannot teach it; only God can do it, and God has his own way. Are you strong enough for that, dear? strong enough to enter God's university?'

'I—don't—know,' the girl faltered. 'Tell me, father. I don't understand. Tell me, quick!'

Then her father told her.

'Dear, Doctor Barrows has been watching you closely the past year. He told us to-day that it would be absolutely necessary, unless you were to ruin your health for years for you to drop your studies at once, and not touch them for a year at least—it might be longer.'

For a moment Katharine sat motionless; uncomprehending; then a look grew in her eyes that made her father's heart ache for her.

'I—I guess I'd better go—for a little while,' she said, dully. At the door of the study she stopped a moment and looked back.

'Tell mother that I shan't want any dinner to-night. I'll come later; and—thank you for trusting me, father.' Then she closed the door gently and ran up to her room.

It was dark, and she was glad. She buried her face in the pillows and sobbed out her pain and disappointment. To drop out of school at seventeen—it seemed like dropping out of life. Even if she could go back another year it would be with a lower class, not her own friends. They would be younger than she, most of them, and only that afternoon she had been the acknowledged leader of her class! There was Alice, too; Alice would go on and have good times and take everything. Oh, it wasn't fair! Why couldn't it have come to some one who wouldn't have minded? Plenty of girls wouldn't; they would even have been glad. And she had been meaning to work so hard. Why, she would have given up everything for study!

For a long time she lay there while the darkness wrapped her closer. Then gradually, from sheer exhaustion, the struggle grew weaker, and, with the quiet, new thoughts came. Were books, printed books, all of life? Was there not, outside and beyond them, all mankind, and nature, and God? Was it because she was in danger of shutting herself into a tiny world, after all, that God had taken this dear thing out of her clinging hands? Perhaps, by and by, when she could be trusted to use it wisely, he would give it back again; and until then?—until then she would try to grow worthy.

She pushed away the pillows and went and bathed her swollen eyes. Then with a little half-smile she lighted the gas, opened her desk and took out her journal. There were no long entries in it, only notes to call back happy hours and dates of a few special times in the glad, girlish life that had been hers. She hesitated a moment and then wrote a single line:

'Entered God's university November tenth, 1890.'

She closed the book and put it back in its place, but still she sat thinking. There were lessons; oh, yes, many, she began to understand dimly. Would not the great Teacher make them clear as she went on? There was all out-doors to study; always she had wished that she had time, and the time was given her. There would be beautiful household lessons with mother—'Economics,' she said, whimsically. But there were others, too—gentleness, and unselfishness, and courtesy She had seen so little of mother in the rush of school duties and pleasures; she realized it now. It should be mother's year, she promised herself. And father? 'Ethics,' she decided, quickly. Who but father could help her to decide the vexing questions and to walk bravely and cheerily though dim, difficult ways?

'I think,' she said, gravely, 'I think, Katharine Morgan, you will find all the lessons you want this next year. See that you take them without complaining when they're hard. That's your part!'

So Katharine's new studies began, the hours out of doors with sun and wind; the talks with mother and later with father; the long, still resting times in her own room each day. They were hard at first, She was glad that she had not known how difficult they would be; and hardest of all was the keeping in with her old circle of friends and hearing constantly their eager talk of the senior doings. Katharine, making dainty commencement gifts for her friends, said to herself over and over that she would try to sympathize with the girls in it all; but one thing she could not do, and that was, go to the commencement. It was too much; no one had any right to ask it

Then one day her mother called her in as she was passing her door. The table in her mother's room was covered with a white heap of organdy and lace. Katharine looked at it in bewilderment.

'It is just like Alice is going to wear, dear,' her mother said, tenderly. 'Did you think that I was going to have you left out?' And after that, of course, there was no question about her going.

And after all when she looked in the glass, commencement night, she could not help a little thrill of girlish pride. The dress was so pretty and the roses mother had put in her hands the last thing were so fragrant and beautiful and 'remindful.'

'I will have a good time,' the girl said, resolutely. 'I would not have mother disappointed for anything in the wide world.' She turned from the mirror, then she gave a little exclamation of delight. On the table was a set of Burroughs, and with the books a line in her father's writing:

'To my little daughter, in recognition of her faithful study of the lessons God set for her. June thirteenth, 1891.'

The girl's eyes dimmed as she read it. 'Oh, they have been so dear to me!' she cried to herself. 'How could I be ungrateful and blue! I'll be just the very happiest girl there to-night!'

She kept her resolution bravely. If once or twice during the exercises she felt a queer lump in her throat, she touched her roses softly and smiled up at her mother. She did not falter even when Professor Stafford, who had been invited to make a few remarks to the class, spoke of the value of study, and when Alice, pretty and radiant, gave her graceful valedictory, the one that she was to have given. And after that it seemed a pity that so small a thing should spoil her victory. It was at the class reception at the close of the exercises, and someone was congratulating Alice. Katharine, passing, heard the next question and answer.

'But where is your cousin? Wasn't she in your class?'

'Yes, she was,' Alice's light voice replied, 'but she dropped out in the fall. They said she wasn't strong and must rest for a while, but I guess, after all, she rather enjoyed having nothing to do. She wasn't too sick for good times, you know. You'll find her here somewhere. She doesn't look like an invalid.'

Katharine slipped by and into a sheltered corner. There was a window there opening out in to the soft June night. Katharine, pressing her hands tightly together, looked with hard, unseeing eyes, into the shadows. It did seem as if she might have been spared that. It was cruel of Alice. Alice, for all she learned so quickly and gracefully, had never cared half so much for her study as she did. She—a voice at her side made Katharine start and turn quickly, the tears still on her lashes. Professor Stafford stood there holding out his hand.

'Have I discovered your hiding place at last, Miss Morgan? I have been looking for you the last half-hour. I wanted to congratulate you.'

'Congratulate me?' Katharine stammered. 'I—I think you must be mistaken. I don't graduate, it was my cousin.'

'No, I don't think that I made a mistake,' the professor answered, smiling. 'I have seen your cousin already. Her valedictory was a very fine one, unusually graceful and spirited.'

'Yes, sir,' Katharine replied. She knew that it was bare and ungracious, but she couldn't speak then. Why wouldn't he go away!

But the professor understood the appealing glance. He directed the girl's attention to the effect of certain wide-branched trees against the night sky. Gratefully Katharine turned to the sheltering darkness, and then he spoke.

'I said that I had not made a mistake, Miss Morgan. If it is not presumptuous for an old man to say that he understands anything of a young girl's life, will you permit me to say that I can appreciate what the past year has been to you? When I was just ready to enter college my eyes gave out and I had to wait three years before I could open a book.'

Katharine did not need the darkness now. She had turned to him eagerly.

'Oh, go on, please!'

He looked past her out at the horizon. 'I do not believe there is anything to tell. I rebelled at first, then slowly I began to understand. Before the three years were over I had learned the greatest lesson of all my life—that God, and not man, is the great Teacher of the human soul; that I might be educated without books or teachers or universities, but I could not be without God.'

There was silence a moment between the two, the old scholar and the young one. Then the professor turned to her. 'You have been learning your lesson, Miss Morgan; your face shows it. I knew it the moment I saw you from the platform, to-night. You have gained not only in strength, but in poise of mind and body. Then I met your father and he told me what your year had been and I understood. And so, to return to my starting place, I congratulate you upon your year's work, Miss Morgan.'

Katharine's face, glad and grateful, looked up into his. 'Do you know that when you were making the charge to the graduates to-night it hurt me so that none of it belonged to me? And now you have given me my own.' She hesitated a moment, and then added, simply. 'I shall never forget, Professor Stafford.'

Appearances are Deceitful.

(By Mary Caroline Hyde, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Michael Treat, chief warden and turnkey of Holiwode prison, treated his prisoners as lambs within a sheep-fold, and as a proof of the success of his humane regime, not one had tried to escape in the twenty years of his service.

Every morning and evening he visited the cells, attended by a boy who carried the heavy keys strung on an iron hoop. Little Fetche was the boy in attendance at this time, his face as round and blank as a cipher, his eyes heavy and dull, yet withal never mistaking the keys nor making any error in his round of duties. A boy of this kind was a favorite with his master, and a butt of the household.

'Beats all what a dummy that little Fetche is!' said one of the prison guards to another. 'To-morrow is April Fool's Day and I'm going to fool him.'

'He isn't as dumb as he looks. How are you going to fool him?' asked the other.

'Oh, easy,' said the first guard. 'I'll stuff out some old clothes with straw, leave them in the prison passage when he comes by early in the morning; he'll take them for an escaping jail-bird, and, my heart! if he don't raise a hue and cry! Ha, ha!' and he shrugged his shoulders as he anticipated the joke.

In one of the cells there had been for years a political prisoner. The warden remembered him when his hair was black and his face young, but now, even he had forgotten his name, the crime for which he was committed and how much longer his imprisonment was to last.

The prisoner himself, however, forgot none of these things; he knew that his offence was imaginary and his incarceration for life, so he studied little Fetche's moon-round blank face, and, at night, ground upon the edge of his stone door-sill, with a pebble dug from the paved floor, till between the sill and the edge of the iron-bound door there began to show a crack of light, broad enough to thrust a good-sized key through.

It was the day before the first of April the humorous guard so anticipated. The Political Prisoner sat as usual in his chair, when Michael made his evening inspection. Michael soon turned to go out and the Political Prisoner pressed a tiny wad of paper into Fetche's hand. Fetche's face was still a harmless blank as he dropped the wad into his pocket and followed his master from the cell.

It was late that night when Fetche's duties were over and he could creep off to the tiny corner of the prison he called his room. Here in the light of a bit of candle, he unrolled the wad of paper, put the gold coin it held into his safest pocket, and studied out the writing on the paper that had held it:

'Pass the key to my cell under my cell door to-morrow morning,' it said. 'In one moment I shall return it to you.'

Fetche apparently rested well that night, for his eyes the next morning were much brighter than usual. He hurried into his clothes and down the dim passage to come upon the figure of a man lying on the floor. For a moment he stood off from it, then he went up to it, kicked it, to find it of straw, picked up the hat that seemed to go with it, and began dragging it down the passage.

'Hello! What are you doing?' cried the guard who had made it. 'Wait till the warden catches you, up to tricks like that.'

Fetche was as one deaf. He took the straw man into his arms and running down the corridor was soon out of sight. The guard dared not follow, and Fetche held to his burden till he came to the Political Prisoner's cell, where he dropped it. A little later he was making his morning tour of the cells with Michael.

'Good morning, sir,' Michael said as he entered the Political Prisoner's cell and saw him seated as usual, in the dully lighted corner.

The Political Prisoner nodded and glanced blankly at Fetche, who as blankly returned his glance. Michael, noticing, called them to himself the dumbest pair he had ever come upon.

'Now, my lad, to the next cell, and no time lost,' he said, slamming the heavy iron door of the Political Prisoner's cell and handing the key to Fetche to return to the ring. 'My brother is coming to breakfast with me this morning; we must be lively.'

Fetche held out to him the key to the next cell and Michael seizing it stepped on, to come to a halt before the man of straw lying directly in his way.

'Whatever is this?' he cried, moving it with his foot. 'A man of straw in castaway clothes! Some April Fool nonsense of the guards; ha! ha!' and he hastened on.

The tiny delay had given Fetche the time he wanted. He pushed the key through the crack into the Political Prisoner's cell, and with it the gold piece, which he had decided to return. There was a quick turn of the Political Prisoner's cell door-lock, then the key came back to Fetche, by way of the crack, and he caught it up, put it back on the ring and was up with Michael, while he good-naturedly still chuckled over the straw April Fool.

The Political Prisoner drew a deep sigh of relief; the door unlocked between him and the dim passage, he was sure the rest would come all right. 'Perhaps the little fellow is right,' he thought, 'I may need this before I'm through,' and he dropped the gold piece into his pocket.

Quick steps passed the cell door and he knew that Michael and Fetche had finished their round and were going back. Pushing the door open a crack's width he discovered the man of straw lying a few steps from his door. In an instant he had slipped out and dragged it into his cell.

'I'm glad of the hat; glad of the hat,' he repeated, 'because I had none,' and he set it on his head, 'and the clothes, too, they are wretched, but better than my prison garb, to be seen in,' and he began undressing the straw man.

His hands trembled and his breath came quick as he exchanged the April Fool's clothes for his own, put him in the chair he was usually seen to occupy and then drew back to see the result. It was good; in the dim light no one would suspect the ruse. He now put on the straw man's clothes, rubbed his white hair and beard with long hoarded lamp-black, and opening the door, stole out into the passage, swiftly crossed it, felt his way along its dark side, darted into a court not more than twelve feet square, and made a spring up its high walled sides. Once, twice, three times, he failed in his effort to reach the top, but the fourth time he caught upon the very spikes, put there to prevent escape, and drew himself slowly and painfully up. From the edge of the wall, he calculated his jump down to the other side so accurately that he landed with only a few bruises and cuts upon his hands and knees.

'Ah!' he laughed triumphantly, 'this comes of being tall and thin, and of those greedy guards, lounging over their breakfast before they bring me mine! Now for the woods, where, if I meet anyone, he will think me an erratic out for an early walk,' and all alert he who had seemed but a bent and helpless old man a half hour before, strode into the woods with the strength and agility of a young man. It was but three days to the border and freedom.

Slowly the guard served the prisoners' breakfast that morning. Their master was engrossed with his brother and there was no one to hurry them. The guard, too, was not in the best of humor, for the other guard had been teasing him, because his April Fool joke of the straw man had fallen so flat. Cudgelling his brain to think of some better joke at Fetche's expense he failed to note that the Political Prisoner's cell was unlocked when he fitted the key into the door and that it was only a man of straw awaiting upon the chair the breakfast of black coffee and black bread. In half an hour he came again and finding the breakfast untouched, called to the straw man: 'So black coffee and bread are not good enough for you, this morning, hey?'

There was no reply. He went nearer, stooped over the straw man, used a very hot expletive, drew back, locked the door of the cell most carefully and ran to the warden.

'The Political Prisoner is gone, sir;' he cried.

'Gone? I saw him this morning at six when I went the rounds!' said Michael.

'Come and see for yourself, then, sir, said the guard. 'I swear it's true.'

'Call Fetche. I'll be there as soon as I can,' and swallowing the last of his coffee, he hastened to the cell.

Already Fetche and the guard were there, Fetche's face the same undisturbed blank as ever. Michael flung past them, went in, caught the straw man, and threw it on the floor torn in two. 'April Fool nonsense! April Fool nonsense!' he cried, 'and a pretty ruse for a gentleman high up like the Political Prisoner. Let the dogs loose and order out the horses; we'll catch him before he has gone far.'

Fetche turned a trifle too willingly to carry the order. Michael called him back and sent the guard in his stead; then he questioned Fetche.

'Did you unlock the door and let this prisoner escape?'

'No, sir! I never touched my fingers to the lock, sir,' Fetche replied.

'Ah! so you can say a word for yourself then? Suppose you tell me why you were going over the prison records, these twenty years back we will say, when you thought no one looking.'

'I was reading about the prisoners, sir.'

'Tell me what you found there about the Political Prisoner?'

'Only a few words.'

'What were the words?'

'"In on suspicion." Then, sir, was put in a bracket, "nothing proved." It might have been your hand, sir, that wrote it; it was so neat.'

'Pshaw! we must catch this man; I never have lost a prisoner since I've been here. See that my spur-boots are ready for me,' and Michael snapped the key in the cell-lock, ran his eye up and down the passage, and went hurriedly out into the prison yard where there was the bustle and excitement of getting ready to overtake the escaped prisoner.

'Plague take it, Jack; I thought I was to have a quiet day with you,' said Michael to his brother.

'Never mind me,' answered Jack. 'I'll join the chase,' and leaping upon a horse, he was breast to breast with Michael, who turned to the south, instead of to the north, as the Political Prisoner had gone.

Fetche watched them out of sight, his face an inert blank as usual. To himself he was saying, 'I don't care, 't'aint no fair burying people in prison, that have "nothing proved" against their names in the books.'

To himself Warden Michael was saying: 'Sorry to break my record and lose a prisoner, but I've saved a snug bit and can retire very comfortable if the authorities say I must,' but no one asked Michael to retire for losing or not finding the Political Prisoner.

A few months after this a fine equipage drove into the prison yard. There were two outriders in livery and a postillion who blew his horn so loudly that Michael himself came running to see if it were the Governor of the Province, arriving in person. He was much more astonished to see the Political Prisoner get out of the carriage and look about him as if for some one not there.

'What will your honor have?' Michael asked, thinking it wise not to seem to recognize his former prisoner.

'Fetche,' replied the Political Prisoner, 'little Fetche. Is he still here?'

'Yes, sir; indeed he is. We could not well do without Fetche,' smiled Michael, sure that he saw which way the wind blew. 'Here he is now, sir,' and he pushed Fetche forward; Fetche with his round face as expressionless as ever.

'Here is the gold piece I owe you, Fetche,' said the Political Prisoner, holding it out to him.

'Me?'

'Yes, the coin you would not take. And it was as well you did not take it, for it bought all the food I had for many days. Now go and tie your clothes into a handkerchief, Fetche, and get ready to go with me.'

'But, sir,' said Michael, 'this lad is indentured to me for two years longer.'

'How much is that in money?' asked the late Political Prisoner.

'Bless me if I know,' laughed Michael, 'but fifteen pounds would do.'

'Here is four times that,' said the Political Prisoner, 'and I promise to train and educate the boy well. You shall satisfy yourself on that score if you will come to see him once a year.'

Michael shook his head. 'I would like it but it would make me trouble here, sir; the authorities, you know, sir.'

'Not now, since the king is changed,' the ex-Political Prisoner said.

Michael rubbed his head. 'Faith! I knew the king had changed,' he muttered, 'but I did not know it was the side of my Political Prisoner that is uppermost. Yes. I will come. Thank you, sir.'

The ex-Political Prisoner re-entered his carriage and Fetche, his worldly possessions tied up in a red handkerchief, climbed to the box beside the powdered coachman.

'Wish I was going too,' said a certain guard, looking after the equipage. 'It beats all how a dunderhead like him gets on in life, while a quick wit like me never gets a rise.'

Fetche in time became a skilful locksmith; so skilful, in fact, that no door of that day was properly fastened unless locked with a 'Fetche-lock.'

Anna Blake's Missionary Work.

(From the 'Christian Union.')

'After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face, whither he himself would come.'

Anna Blake read the verse carefully two or three times, and then looked again at the slip of paper in her hand to make sure this was the verse thereon indicated.

'Miss Hammond must have made a mistake. She surely did not mean that for my quarter verse. But if this is my verse, I don't see what I am to do. It doesn't seem to teach anything.

She read the verse again, and as she slowly repeated the last words a ray of light came.

'Why—yes—perhaps that is it. I'm sure I've read that verse dozens of times, but I never thought of getting any practical lesson out of it. Jesus sent his disciples before him to those places whither he himself would come. Perhaps he sent us that way now; perhaps he'll send me this quarter into some place to prepare the way for his coming. I'll go and talk with him about it.' And alone in her own room this earnest young Christian was soon talking with her Master about the work she would like to do for him.

'I think, wife,' said Mr. Blake that afternoon, 'we ought to let Anna go to Colorado this summer. Too close application at school is taking all the roses from her cheeks, and a few months among the pines up in the mountains would freshen her up amazingly. I imagine it is rather a rough life these ranchmen lead, and she may not find everything congenial at Cousin John's; but as they seem willing to have her come, I guess we can spare her this summer. She has too much good sense to fret much over uncongenial surroundings,' concluded the fond father.

'I have felt all along that it would be well for her to go,' said Mrs. Blake; 'and yet I have felt some hesitation about sending her alone to such a place. They seem to have no Sunday or anything else that is good in the vicinity of Cousin John's. Still, if you think it best we will let her go.'

'Anna will always carry Sunday with her wherever she goes,' replied Mr. Blake. 'She may be able in a quiet way to do missionary work, and at the same time to drink in health with the mountain air.'

So it was settled between her parents that Anna's summer would be spent among the Colorado mountains; and two weeks later found her at the mountain ranch of her father's 'Cousin John.'

How strange everything appeared to the eyes of the girl whose life before this time had been bounded only by Illinois prairies! Cousin John's house was built out of logs. It was papered with old newspapers, and the only pictures that adorned the walls were such cuts as happened to be in these papers. The outbuildings were small, low affairs, the two horses almost filling their little box of a stable. But here were the mountains and huge boulders, and apparently limitless acres of pine trees, and not far from the house a mountain brook famous in that region for its trout.

'It's the nicest place to dream in!' Anna wrote to her mother the day after her arrival. 'One can't help "seeing visions and dreaming dreams" amid such surroundings, I am sure I shall have a very happy summer.'

But when Sunday came she longed for the home church, and Miss Hammond's helpful teaching.

'Don't you ever have any kind of service here on Sunday?' she asked of Mrs. Wheeler, Cousin John's wife.

'Sometimes a preacher comes along and has meetings up to the school-house, but there's nothing regular. Some of 'em started a Sunday-school once but it didn't last long. There's children enough in the neighborhood, but nobody seems to know much about Sunday-schools up here, and the school kind of died out after a while.'

Anna took her Bible and walked down to the brook, and seating herself on a large rock turned to the Sabbath-school lesson which she knew Miss Hammond and the girls were busied with at home at that hour. After an hour of faithful, prayerful study, she closed the book, and leaning back against the old pine which grew beside the rock sat thus for some time thinking. Suddenly her 'quarter verse' came to her mind.

'"He sent them into the places whither he himself would come." I wonder if he sent me into this neighborhood because he wants to come here too. What can I do for him here?'

'Is it your father you're talking about, Miss?'

Anna started at the sound of another voice than her own, for she had thought herself quite alone. Turning quickly she saw four little ranch children who had approached unobserved standing not far from the rock, their curious eyes fixed on her face. The eldest, a bare-footed, bare-headed, sun-browned boy who carried an immense bouquet of mountain lilies, proved to be her questioner.

'Why, no,' she answered, smiling, 'it was not my father—but it was my Elder Brother. Come and sit down here and let me arrange your flowers for you. How lovely these mountain lilies are! Will you give me a few of them to press?'

'Have 'em all, Miss, if you want. I just picked 'em 'cause I didn't have much of any thing else to do. Bushels of 'em up yonder if you want more.'

'Thank you,' said Anna. 'Are these three little midgets your sisters?'

'Two of 'em is. That littlest one's Mr. Grover's Susie.'

The little gypsy-like children were all seated on the rock by this time.

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

Through Native Eyes.

OUR FRIENDS IN INDIA.

Very much interest is being taken by 'Messenger' readers in the missionary work being done in India. Many of them help to support Bible readers and orphans in that country and others forward papers in connection with the Post Office Crusade. We are hoping henceforth to supply our readers from time to time with news direct from India. To-day we print a letter from a Mohammedan lady in India to the superintendent of our 'Post Office Crusade,' in Westmount, Que.

Dear Madam,—Allow me to express to you my sincere apologies for the long delay that has happened in my sending a reply to your letter of the 15th August, 1901, received by me on the 15th September.

But I hope you will excuse me when I tell you that it is my prolonged illness which is responsible for this. I am now better, but still too weak to lightly undertake the task of penning a lengthy note. However, I expect to follow up the present communication by others despatched at regular intervals and describing to you Indian life in greater detail.

I shall begin by trying to give you an idea of Indian women; and to make you realize their status in society, it is necessary to draw attention to the fundamental difference between the position of woman in society in the East and the West. In Europe and America, woman has always been treated as the equal, the helpmate in household affairs, and the companion of man in the struggle for existence. In Asia, she has, from time immemorial been regarded as immeasurably inferior to man, no more than his dependent and his servant. Man has been the lord of creation, the philosophic guide, the religious leader, the warrior ruler of the world. Woman merely an article of luxury, who is to manage her husband's house, and to minister to his pleasure; but she has had no concern with the important business of his life. Under such circumstances it is no wonder she would be kept in ignorance, that female education would not be the creed of serious men, and that all Asiatic religions, while inculcating for women lessons of complete submission to the desires of her husband, should have never in right earnest preached the doctrine of the equality of men and women.

The weaker sex in India has not, till comparatively modern times (and excluding the primitive stages of human society, when perhaps there is not much difference between uncultured man and uncivilized woman) occupied a respectable position in society, though isolated instances have not been unknown in our history in which a woman has played no contemptible part either on the stage of politics or in the domain of literature. Even now, as far as the masses are concerned, women are no better than helpless chattel, they receive no education, have no idea of self-respect, possess no rights or privileges; so long as unmarried are the servants of their parents, and after marriage the slaves of their husbands. And, then, the custom of marriage as in vogue in India, is probably the most tyrannical of its kind now extant in the world.

In the first place, marriages take place at incredibly early ages, among some castes girls being married before they are a year old! In the second place, widow marriage is prohibited, and however young a widow she has to deny herself the comforts of a second marriage if she cares for the honor of her name and the reputation of her family. But, if possible, a still more wonderful fact is the way in which men and women are selected for each other's life-long company. The couple have no option in the matter of marriage. In fact, in most cases they have never seen each other before the marriage day. The parents of the boy and the girl, on considerations by no means always very noble, decide among themselves as to the parties to be married together, who ought to be of the same caste, this being the primary and most important point, and of more value in itself than all other considerations put together. Now, when the preliminaries have been thus settled without the consultation or the knowledge of either of the two persons about to be united together, the pair is forever bound together by the sacred and almost irrevocable ties of marriage, after which they are allowed to see each other and have to pull on with one another as best they can.

Perhaps you may not be able to conceive all this; but such is the system which has the sanction of long usage and defies change. The higher a family, the stricter the necessity of the observance of the rules by its members; and I may state for your information and amusement that in certain circles and among some families it is not allowable for husband and wife to see each other freely and in the presence of other relations of theirs. There are fixed hours and places, beyond which decency and propriety forbid a married pair to be in each other's company.

No description of the condition of Indian women can be complete without a reference to the custom of female seclusion, which is technically called the 'purdah.' All high class ladies—particularly among Mohammedans, which is also the religion of our family—have to pass their lives in complete seclusion. Immediately that a girl attains the age of 10 or 11 years, she is put under 'purdah.' She cannot come out of her house, unless properly veiled, or in a closed conveyance, and the house is so constructed as to bar all foreign intrusion, even of view. No adult male, except her husband, father, brother, and son, can see her, or she see him; nor is any conversation between men and 'purdah' ladies allowed, excepting the nearest relatives enumerated above. Her servants must be only women, of course, of the lower classes, who do not observe the 'purdah'; and the friends of men and women here should be of the same sex. There are no out-door amusements for an Indian lady; societies, clubs, associations and public meetings are shut against her; the world is a sealed book to her, and she is practically a prisoner within the high walls of her home.

Here I close for the present. I am too weak to write more, but hope to be able to resume the subject in my next.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

About the Children

(J. B. Fenton, in 'Ledger Monthly.')

Children, if left to themselves, naturally take a great deal of exercise, more or less violent. It is of great importance that every child from the time it is a month old should spend most of its life out of doors. The weather, unless extreme, need be no drawback. Out-of-door life and out-of-door exercise is essential, and a child properly dressed need have no fear of sun, or rain, or winter weather.

Nervous, excitable children will play and run to the point of exhaustion before they will stop. Some really are unconscious of fatigue till exhausted, while others are not willing to stop for fear they will be thought unable to keep up with their companions, and their pride carries them beyond their strength. For this reason they must be watched at their play, and while some are held back, others must be encouraged to make greater effort.

Little children need plenty of sleep. They should retire early, not later than eight o'clock, but should not be disturbed in the morning, but left to waken naturally. The noon nap should be continued until the child is at least five years of age. Even if the child does not sleep, the quiet rest is beneficial, and for a nervous, restless child is necessary.

The proper dress for children is that which allows the most freedom of action. Clothing that binds, or draws in any direction, or that is not suited to the weather, is sure to make trouble. Children grow very rapidly and the dress that fits well when new is soon too tight to be worn with comfort and should be let out promptly, or discarded. Tight waistbands, and tight sleeves are injurious. Little trousers that are tight in the body and legs ought not to be worn. Small shoes and stockings are responsible for many badly shaped feet. In many families it is economy that permits a child to wear its clothes as long as they will last regardless of the size. But it is poor economy that risks a child's health with outgrown clothes. Better let youngsters go barefoot than to permit them to wear small shoes.

Children may be taught to care for their clothes from the beginning, boys as well as girls; they can put their garments away and straighten the clothes as they take them off as well as one can do it for them. A personal responsibility is good for children, they quickly appreciate and take pride in looking after their own things.

A child's bed should have a good firm mattress and one small pillow of hair, or feathers, never down. Cotton sheets are best, for linen is cold, and one or two blankets, according to the weather. An extra cover for severe cold can be a light cheesecloth comfortable. Again do not use down; it is too heating. Never put a child in a feather bed, and do not use a heavy Marseilles spread on any bed, unless it be removed at night. Warmth without weight is the object. Heavy covers of any kind are impervious to air and are not good to sleep under.

Children should sleep alone. A large room with three or more little white iron beds is a pretty sight and no more trouble than two large beds and is very much better for the children. Two washstands should be in such a room so there need be no confusion, and each child should have at least a part of a bureau and closet for which he is responsible. For the toilet arrangements, care must be taken to see that each child

has, and uses only his own towel, washcloth and hair brush. These should be just as distinct as the tooth brush. Children once taught the importance of this fact will never forget it. Different colored borders on the towels and washcloths can be used to distinguish them. These little things add greatly to a child's comfort and health. Order and carefulness once taught detract greatly from the daily friction that must exist in a badly trained household.

Care of an India-Rubber Plant.

(By Mrs. Abbie M. Worstell, in N. Y. 'Observer.')

Some years ago I received as a gift a handsome young rubber plant, having a dozen leaves or more, and being perhaps ten or twelve inches tall. It was a beauty, in splendid, thrifty condition; and I desired to keep it so, but I was in utter ignorance of its proper treatment and training, and must needs learn. I would go to those who could aid me with their own practical experience and success. I called upon a friend who had a fine specimen growing in her parlor. 'Does your rubber plant require much care, much water?' I asked.

'Not a bit, not a bit,' she replied. 'See how thrifty it is, and I have not watered it for weeks. I ought to have dusted the leaves.' Even in its dust and neglect the poor thing seemed fairly healthy and to be growing well.

I then called upon another friend who had a parlor pet of the same kind.

'Tell me,' I said, 'how do you care for your rubber plant? Do you give it much water?'

'Well, yes,' she answered, 'it requires a great deal of water; I give it all it will drink, every day, and then I sponge off the leaves about as often. Isn't it a beauty?'

Now, those two plants were 'brought up' by directly opposite methods, yet both were thrifty and beautiful. But, let me reason, I thought about this matter. These thick, pulpy leaves must contain a large percentage of moisture, and they must certainly draw it more easily from the water in the potted earth at the roots than from the dampness in the air, so it is only a sensible conclusion that it needs a liberal supply of water to satisfy its natural thirst, and to rear a strong and handsome plant. My plant shall have all the water it can take, and its every leaf shall be kept free from dust, so that it can breathe with all its pores open. Such were our resolves and conclusions, and soon the most generous response to our care and attention was most apparent and gratifying.

The plant grew to be more than five feet tall, most symmetrical in form, straight as a major, and every leaf perfect. Yet growing and still growing, something must be done to check its upward progress. It was suggested a hole should be cut through the ceiling to accommodate it, or else our favorite must be exiled to out-door life, a thing at present impossible. We pinched off the young, topmost leaf, and so forced the plant to develop side branches, which it did speedily, soon becoming a beauteous tree, fully the rival of the florists' finest specimens.

To be generous with water, not too much sun, and to give a frequent sponge bath to the leaves and stems, is the proper treatment of this interesting plant. It will transform a poor, sickly little thing into 'a thing of beauty' instead. And it is most appreciative, too, of a chance to stand and cool off in a brisk outside shower, or in time of drought of a free and bountiful sprinkling in the bath tub. It seems fairly to speak its thanks from the glistening leaves.

All plant life must take a rest in winter, why should not those that grow indoors? If they 'hold their own we should be satisfied. I heard a lady complain that her 'rubber plant had put out only three new leaves the whole winter long.' How easily a little reflection would explain this seeming idleness. Does not everybody and everything need a little rest once in a while?

'The Best Boys' Story I Ever Heard.'

That was what a lawyer said of this story that I am to relate to you: 'It is the best boy's story I ever heard.' 'We have a good many boys with us from time to time,' said Mr. Alden, the senior member of a large hardware establishment in Market Street, Philadelphia, 'as apprentices to learn the business. What may surprise you is that we never take country boys, unless they live in the city with some relative who takes care of them and keeps them home at night, for when a country boy comes to the city to live everything is new to him, and he is attracted by every show window and unusual sight. The city boy, who is accustomed to these things, cares little for them, and if he has a good mother he is at home and in bed in due season. And we are very particular about our boys, and before accepting one as an apprentice we must know that he comes of honest and industrious parents.

'But the best boy we ever had is now with us, and a member of the firm. He is the one man in the establishment that' we couldn't do without. He was thirteen years old when he was apprenticed to us, and he was with us eleven years, acting for several years as salesman. When he first came we told him that for a long time his wages would be very small, but that if he proved to be a good boy his salary would be increased at a certain rate every year, and as it turned out, when, according to agreement, we should have been paying him $500 a year, we paid him $900, and he never said a word about an increase of salary. From the very outset he showed that he had an interest in the business. He was prompt in the morning, and if kept a little overtime at night it never seemed to make any difence with him. He gradually came to know where everything was to be found, and if information was wanted, it was to this boy, Frank Jones, that everyone applied. The entire establishment seemed to be mapped out in his head and everything in it catalogued and numbered. His memory of faces was equally remarkable. He knew the name of every man who came to the store to buy goods, what he bought and where he came from. I used often to say to him, "Jones, your memory is worth more than a gold mine! How do you manage to remember?"

'"I make it my business to remember," he would say. "I know that if I can remember a man and call him by name when he comes into the store, and can ask him how things are going on where he lives, I will be very likely to keep him as a customer."

'And that was the exact case. He made friends of buyers. He took the same interest in their purchases as he took in the store, and would go to no end of trouble to suit them, and to fulfil to the letter everything he promised.

'Well, affairs went on in this way until he had been with us eleven years, when we concluded to take him into the firm as a partner. We knew that he had no extravagant habits, that he neither used tobacco nor beer, nor went to the theatre. He continued as at the beginning to board at home, and even when his salary was the very lowest he paid his mother two dollars a week for his board. He was always neatly dressed, and we thought it was probable that he had laid up one or two thousand dollars, as his salary for the last two years had been twelve hundred dollars. So when we made him the offer to become a partner in the business, and suggested that it would be more satisfactory if he could put some money into the firm he replied:

'"If ten thousand dollars will be any object I can put in that much. I have saved out of my salary nine thousand four hundred dollars, and my sister will let me have six hundred."

'I can tell you that I was never more astonished in my life than when that fellow said he could put in ten thousand dollars, and most of it his own money. He had never spent a dollar, or twenty-five cents or five cents for an unnecessary thing, and had kept his money in a bank where it gathered a small interest. I am a great believer in the Bible, you know, and I always kept two placards in big letters up in the store. On one was this text: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is much"; and on the other: "He that is diligent in business shall stand before kings and not before mean men." And Frank Jones's success was the literal fulfilment of those two texts. He had been faithful in the smallest things as in the greater ones, and diligent in business. That kind of a boy always succeeds,' concluded Mr. Alden.

A small boy of ten, who had listened to the story with eager eyes, as well as ears, said:

'But we don't have any kings in this country, Mr. Alden, for diligent boys to stand before!'

'Yes, we do,' laughed Mr. Alden. 'We have more kings here than in any other country in the world. We have money kings, and land kings, and merchant kings, and publishing kings, and some of them wield an enormous power. This is a great country for kings.'—Mary Wagner Fisher in 'Wide Awake.'

Little Things.

It was just a pleasant smile
Upon a little face,
And yet for a long while
It brightened all the place.

It was just a kindly word,
Spoken in a low tone,
Yet sweet as song of bird
When days of spring-time come.

It was just a little deed
Performed in 'His dear name,'
Yet it supplied the need
And life was bright again.

So little things of good,
Possess a holy power;
And like our daily food,
Give strength for every hour.

—'Adviser.'

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

Correspondence

St. Raphael, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My papa took us to the Exhibition in Ottawa, and we saw the Duke and Duchess. We also saw them at Alexandria station on their way going up. My brother takes the 'Messenger,' we like it very much. I have three sisters and three brothers. My birthday is on February 4. I am nine years old. For pets we have a pair of bantams, a cat and a Newfoundland dog, his name is Arkim. My two brothers and I go to school. We have two miles to go.

MARTHA I. T.

Sherbrooke, Que.

Dear Editor,—We have just begun to take the 'Messenger.' We enjoy reading it very much, especially the Correspondence. I have two brothers but no sisters. Their names are Reginald and Wendell. We have a pony and a dog for pets. The pony's name is Prince and the dog's Sport. I have been sick, so I do not go to school now. Reginald goes every day with the pony. Wendell is too young to go yet. I live two miles from Sherbrooke. I am ten years old. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on June 23. If so I would like her to write to me and I will answer.

A. GENEVIEVE A.

Kinmount.

Dear Editor,—I have written to the 'Northern Messenger' before, and I am going to write again. I go to the day school every day. I like the 'Messenger' because there are such nice stories in it. I have a very big cat. His name is Joe. I am in the Senior second class at school. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. My birthday is on May 19. CARRIE T. (aged 10).

Plymouth, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in a pretty village on the Tusket River. My brother Charlie and I received the Bible for getting four subscribers; we are both very much pleased with it. I have five brothers, their names are: Charlie, 14; Edwin, 13; I come next, and I am 10; Harold, 8; Walter, 7; my little sister comes next, Marian, 4, and next my brother Kenneth, 1. There is quite a crowd of us. I have a pet cat, and she has a kitten. Papa is a carpenter. He has to go to Yarmouth nearly every day to work. I have not been to school for quite a while because I have had the ear-ache. I am in the fourth grade at school. I had quite a few Xmas presents. Some people have the measles here. I have not had the measles. I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years.

MARGARET S.

Windermere, Muskoka, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old, and I go to school every day. I have two miles to walk. I am in the senior second, and I am taking music lessons. I like my teachers very much. I have only one brother, his name is Arnell, and no sisters. I have good times in the summer holidays. I go bathing nearly every day with the little girls from the city. Our bay is fine for bathing, and there is a fine sandy beach. I go to Sunday-school nearly every Sunday. Arnell and I go skating when the ice is good; we both can skate a little. EDNA H.

Acadia Mines, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Some time ago we began to take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday school; I enjoy the stories and the correspondence very much, but we have never seen any letters from here, so I thought I would write one.

I live about a mile from the school-house, so I am able to go nearly every day, as I am seldom sick, and we do not have very bad storms here. In summer I enjoy the walk very much, for it is part way through woods, and the birds singing and all the pretty wild flowers make it very pleasant indeed. MILLY G.

Bear Point.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to school. My father is a lobster-packer. I have two big brothers that work with papa, one small brother five years old, two sisters, one seven and a baby eight months; she is cute, we think a lot of her. My mamma is sick nearly all the time. The doctor comes every week. Both of my grandmas are dead. My papa's aunt is here from Meremack, N.S.; we like her very much. I take the 'Messenger.' I like and enjoy reading it. MILLIE S.

St. Thomas, N. D.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for three years, and I think it is a very nice paper. I have seen only one letter from St. Thomas. I like to read the boys' and girls' page best and also the correspondence page. I live on a farm and my father keeps lots of stock and fine horses. I am in the seventh year in the fifth book, and I like my teacher very much. I will be eleven years old on March 21. I wonder if there is any little girl whose birthday is the same as mine. DOLLIE A. T.

St. Thomas, N. D.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from St. Thomas, I thought I would like to write one. I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday school, and I like it very much. I am in the seventh grade, but I have not been going to school for the last three weeks. LENA E. B.

Clarkson, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger since January, and I like it very much, and I find I could not do without it now. I am going to tell you about the place where I live. It is a small farm surrounded with evergreens and it is a very pretty place in summer. Some of our friends from Toronto come out for a few weeks' holiday. I go to the Methodist Sunday school. I have a half-mile to go to Sunday school and church. The Methodist cemetery joins our farm. I live a quarter of a mile from Clarkson station and post office. The mail comes in and goes out three times a day. I go to day school and I like my teacher very much. I read in the third reader. MARY W. (aged 10).

Dear Editor,—I have three pets, a cat and a pair of bantams. I go to school, and I am in the fourth grade. I have half a mile to walk. We had a new school house built; I think it is very nice. I go to Sunday school nearly every Sunday. I live on a farm. I have two little brothers living, their names are Laurin and Theodore, and one little sister in heaven, named Susie. I will be eleven years old, and my birthday is on March 12. M. ELMER K.

St. Thomas, N. D.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. We go to Sunday school nearly every Sunday. We have Sunday school in our school-house. I like my teacher. I am nine years old, and am in the fourth year.

GEORGE T. B.

Lower Caverhill, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and have never seen a letter from Caverhill, I thought I would write one. I received the Bagster Bible as a premium for getting four new subscribers to the 'Messenger,' and am very much pleased with it; it is very nice. I live on a farm; we have nine head of cattle, two horses and twelve sheep. I have two miles to go to school. Our church is about four miles away. I have four sisters, the two eldest are in Minnesota. My birthday is on August 24. MOSES H.

Foole's Bay.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a year, and like it very much. I will be nine years old on April 1. They call me a little April-fool girl. I go to school, and I am just through the second book. We are just reviewing some of the lessons before getting into the third reader. I have been at home with the mumps this last week. We have two horses and a colt, the colt's name is Fan. We have eight head of cattle and one little white calf three days old. I have four sisters and six brothers. My eldest sister is in Pittsburg. We live in Muskoka, and it is very nice here in summer. I go to Sunday school, and we learn Bible verses and get tickets for them. We are going to have a Sunday-school entertainment in March. PEARL McL.

Waterville, Car. Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I go to school every day and read in the fourth book. I study reading, spelling, history, geography, arithmetic and grammar. I have two sisters and no brothers. I am eleven years old. My birthday is on August 31. We have three-quarters of a mile to walk to school. I like the 'Messenger' very much, especially reading the letters.

PEARL C

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen a letter from Brantford in the correspondence, so I thought I would write one. We live near the river, and we go skating on it in winter. I have one brother and a pet cat, Topsy. The river is very high at present, and we are afraid we will have a flood. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday school.

GERTRUDE F.

Winthrop, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' every Sunday, and I like to read the correspondence and 'Little Folks' page.' I am twelve years old, and have two brothers and two sisters older than myself. We live on a farm and are seven miles from the town of Seaforth. ANNIE G. S.

Shellmouth, Man.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to you. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I own three animals. I had two more, but one died and one was sold. I can ride and shoot. We have four horses and forty-five cattle. I can milk, feed the horses and water and look after them. I am eleven years old, but I do not like farming. I mean to be an engineer. I like that work. I am in the B. book at school. I study spelling and arithmetic.

ARTHUR H. S.

Oxford Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have often thought I would write to you. My grandmother has taken the 'Messenger' for a great many years, and I like to read the correspondence, and the Little Folks' page. I go to school summer and winter. I am in the second reader. I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' from a little girl in Nova Scotia, who was the very same age as myself, which is nine years, and her birthday is also the same as mine, May 3. I would be very glad if she would write me a little letter, and if she would write to me I would answer her letter. I have one sister and three brothers. My grandmother teaches my class at Sunday-school, and the superintendent is an old man. We get leaflets, 'Dew Drops' and 'Pleasant Hours' at our Sunday school, and I love to read the 'Dew Drops' on Sunday.

MARION T

Little Bass River.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I go to day school, and am in the fifth grade. My teacher is the organist in the Presbyterian church. I go to that church and Sabbath school. I got a certificate from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church for memorizing portions of Scripture. I received the Bagster Bible you sent me and was very much pleased with it. I have two sisters and one brother younger than myself. MARTHA O'B.

Urbania, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near the Shubenacadie River. For pets I have two cats and a dog, one is an Angora cat. I have a mile to go to school and go almost every day. I have four sisters and two brothers. We have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for about twenty years, and like it very much. I wonder if any girl's birthday is the same as mine, Feb. 4.

JESSIE C. (aged 12).

Didsbury, Alta.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have written to the 'Messenger.' I like it very much, especially the correspondence page. I get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday school. Our school starts on April 1, and I am in the Junior Third class. My birthday is on February 11, and I am ten years old. I have two brothers and two sisters. My eldest brother is in Qu'Appelle Station clerking in the store. NORMAN G.

HOUSEHOLD.

'She.'

(By the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher.)

She is away—absent. When a man says 'she,' he is understood. To every 'he' there is one 'she,' or should be. And 'she' is away, leaving us to thought and good resolutions. Like Hawthorne, we have been washing dishes. Says he:

'The washings of dishes does seem to me the most absurd and unsatisfactory business that I ever undertook. If, when once washed, they would remain clean forever and ever (which they ought in all reason to do, considering how much trouble it is), there would be less occasion to grumble, but no sooner is it done than it requires to be done again. On the whole, I have come to the resolution not to use more than one dish at each meal.'

The quiet fidelity with which 'she' will dish-wash her life away for 'him' is a marvel of endurance and grace. Just here is the servitude of woman heaviest—no sooner is her work done than it requires to be done again. Man works up jobs, ends them, and takes his pay. The pay can be translated into something else desirable. A man works all day and draws pay for his day's work. This pay allures him, as oats a horse homeward bound. Thus men work by terms and jobs—and, although the work is endless as to quantity, yet, when cut up thus into terms and jobs, we men go heartily on our journey and count the milestones.

Not so with our mates. 'She' mends our socks, and we put our irrepressible toe upon the darned spot, and she darns it again. 'She' washes for the family, and the family makes haste to send back the same garments to be washed again. 'She' puts the room in order, and we get it ready to be 'rid up' again. The same socks, the same washing, the same room every time. She has no successive jobs, no terms, no pay-day, no tally-stick of life. She washes the same dish three hundred and sixty-five—yes, three times three hundred and sixty-five times every year. No wonder she breaks it and is glad of it! What a relief to say: 'I've done that dish.'

Not only have we, like Hawthorne, washed dishes, but also we cooked and served and helped eat a meal (with bated appetite because of cooking), and now we are astonished at the number of thoughts, and acts, and processes involved in a very plain supper. Only two of us, jolly cronies, caring nothing for style, and needing only a very plain supper. And we had it, and with it came wisdom.

Gentlemen, all! We go into a room and see a table ready set. It seems to us one thing—a supper. It is, in fact, from fifty to two hundred separate things, taken down one by one for us to use, and for 'her' to wash and put back whence they came. There is a plate of biscuit. To that plate of simplicity we, with our hands and feet, brought together a new, quick fire for baking, viz.: kindling wood, raking out stove, and hod of coal. Flour from the bin, shortening from the gravy-dip down cellar, salt from one box, sugar from another, soda from the jar, acid (tartaric) from a bottle, a spoon, a pitcher of water, a dripping pan, and a tin pan for mixing up these ingredients, and, after all, happening to forget the things for ten minutes, we burned the biscuit half way through in a way which we men reckon unpardonable in a cook. Meanwhile that one plate of biscuit added to the eternal dish-wash two spoons, two pans, one plate, and a little cup. Just a little piece of steak contributed eight pieces to the dish-wash. A few strawberries sent in six pieces to be got ready to soil again. Four eggs impressed themselves on six separate articles.

Gentlemen, we began at ten minutes to six, and at a quarter to eight we found ourselves triumphant—everything cleared away except the dishcloth. You see, we washed up the breadpan, the dishpan and the sink, scalding them all (and our fingers, too), and dried them off with the dishcloth. Now, where on earth can we go to wash out that dishrag? Not in the clean pan! Not over the clean, dry sink! We stood aghast for five minutes, and then wadded up the rag, round like a snowball, and tucked it into the far corner of the sink, and then shut down the cover. Our sink has a cover. But that rag, though hidden, was heavy on our conscience. 'She' never would have done so. We have seen clean dishcloths, but how they wash them passes our skill.

And so, as we said, 'she' is away, leaving us to thought and good resolutions. We shall be a wiser and a better man for at least two days after her return. And, whenever we stop to think, shall rank a housekeeper and home maker as a worker second to none on the scale of achievement and deserving. Her services are like the air, the rain and the sunshine, indispensable, yet too often enjoyed without thanksgiving.—Reprinted in 'Boston Transcript.'

Keep Up With Them.

Now, no home can be really sweet unless the husband has his fair share of his wife's attention. Much better spend an hour in amusing yourself by mastering the details in John's daily paper, than in putting so many tucks in little Jane's frock. John will less often spend the evening out if Jenny can talk intelligently of the thing which rightly or wrongly interests him. John would far less often take other people out for amusement if Jenny were sometimes ready to trust her children to God and go along with him. No, the above sentence is no mistake in printing! We mothers seem to think we are so indispensable to the little ones that we will never leave them, and some day, perhaps, dear mothers, God will show that he is perfectly able to look after the babies without our help. He may take you away from them altogether if you do not take occasion to re-create yourselves sometimes. It is the worst kind of economy to overwork. Keep in touch with your musical boy by going to an occasional concert or penny reading with him and his father. Cultivate your God-given sense of beauty by sparing a shilling for a ticket at a picture gallery or museum. Buy seeds and teach the little ones how wonderfully the cyclamen curls up its straight stem into a corkscrew, before pushing its seed-vessel into the soft mould. Or how the spear-points of cress spring up on its globular seed reaching liquid. Keep up a little course of good reading, and give time to show how there are—

'Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones,
And good in everything.'

In fact, make time to take a positive and not merely a negative attitude towards everything that interests husband and children.—'Home Words.'

Keep Sweet.

Suppose a world of troubles do
Annoy you day by day;
Suppose that friends considered true
Your trust in them betray;
And rocks may bruise and thorns may tear
Your worn and weary feet,
And every day you meet a snare—
Keep sweet.

Suppose you have not each desire
That forms within your mind;
And earth denies you half your hire,
And heaven seems quite unkind;
And you have not the best to wear,
Nor yet the best to eat;
You seem to have the meanest fare—
Keep sweet.

A sour heart will make things worse
And harder still to bear,
A merry heart destroys the curse
And makes the heavens fair.
So I advise, whate'er your case—
Whatever you may meet,
Dwell on the good—forget the base—
Keep sweet.

—'British Weekly.'

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'And, have you any brothers and sisters, Susie?' Anna asked, as she threw one arm about the little figure that had nestled close beside her.

'Only just baby, and he's a brother, and I'm all the sister he's got.'

Anna smiled at this quaint reply, and then the children were further questioned, until soon all were talking as familiarly as if they had never met as strangers. By and by, when Susie had concluded a long story of the wonderful acts of her baby brother, Anna told the story of the Infant Jesus—all about the star and the wise men, the wicked king, and the flight into Egypt.

'That's a good story, Miss,' said the sun-browned boy, when the shadows had lengthened and Anna said she must go home. 'Tell us some more, some time, if ye come here again?'

'Certainly, I want you to come every Sunday afternoon this summer, and bring just as many other little folks with you as you want to.'

Good-byes were said, and Anna went home with a full heart.

'If that is what papa calls missionary work,' she said, as she crossed the flower dotted field, 'I'm sure it is very sweet to be a missionary.'

And so the Lord found an efficient helper in Anna Blake that summer in his work in the Rocky Mountains. The little ones came Sabbath after Sabbath all through the warm months to the old rock, and Anna met them there with Bible stories and sweet songs until every child in the neighborhood was brought into the circle, and many went to their homes to sing the Gospel to the older people, some of whom seemed to have quite forgotten that ever a Saviour died for them.

'I can't keep the tears from my eyes Whenever I hear Susie sing 'I think when I read that sweet story of old,"' said Mrs. Grover to a neighbor one day. 'It is one of the songs I used to sing when I was a girl, and lived in the States. Seems like I've forgot all them things since I came out here, and just turned to an out-and-out heathen. I am glad that ever Anna Blake was sent here to teach Susie what I ought to have taught her long ago.'

In the early autumn Anna went back to her Illinois home, but the Christ had come into the mountain neighborhood before she left it, and some who had long turned from him received him gladly.

And so he sends his disciples before him to-day as he did in olden time. Not only men and women who have trained themselves to do his work at home or abroad, but every boy and girl who can tell a Bible story [illegible] a Gospel [illegible]

Two Little Charmers.

[illegible]

You have doubtless read of the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin,' whose magic power upon had power to draw all living creatures after him. According to this poem you'll remember that old Hamelin Town was so overrun with rats that its people were distressed.

And then that grand, queer old 'Pied Piper' appeared and for a thousand guilders offered to rid the town of rats. He took out his wonderful pipe and blew three shrill notes and all the rats [illegible] the 'Pied Piper' merrily all the way to the River Weser where he led them into the flood and the waves rolled over them.

Then you remember that when the people of Hamelin Town refused to pay him the promised money, he simply took out his magic pipe and blew again, and this time out came all the children. And he led them on and on, just as he had led the rats, and took them into a great cave which closed upon them, so that they never more were seen. And that was the punishment that he gave to the people of Hamelin.

This story is very wonderful, but that a little boy outside of a story should have any such power seems almost too marvellous to be true. But I have known two boys, who, in reality, had much of this influence over animals.

One was a fine-looking, active little fellow in Southern Ohio. All living things seemed to feel a sense of kinship with him. He had only to throw himself down upon the lawn in front of his home, and behold! the little creatures of the air, the birds, and those shy dwellers among the trees, the squirrels, would forget the timidity they displayed toward other people and draw near to this lad. It was interesting to watch his influence over these wild things. Little birds, instead of tripping guardedly across the far edge of the lawn, would come closer and closer to him till they stood beside his hand.

Nor did this seem to be any accidenal occurrence, but it was plainly premeditated by them before they made the hippity-hop journey to his side. He had a caressing tone which proved irresistible to them; and if they were speeding thoughtlessly after a bug or a beetle in an opposite direction, they felt the charm of his voice and presence when he spoke, and turned and went to meet him instead.

He had a pet hen also, which was his abject slave. Now, a hen of all winged creatures, is seemingly less given to sentiment and expression of affection. But this particular hen when in his presence seemed to have no will but his. Let it be said here that he was invariably kind to these trusting birds and animals, and his kindness was probably the very foundation of his remarkable power. It was really funny to see that great white Brahma hen do his bidding.

'Come here, Topsey,' he would say, gently but authoritatively. And Topsey, the clumsy, fluffy hen, would leave her chicken-yard companions and come to him.

'Now sing for us, Topsey,' he would add. And the great, foolish looking, white hen would stand and sing her unmusical laying song until he bade her stop.

'Come into the house with me, Topsey, and sing to my friends in there.' Thereupon she allowed herself to be taken into the presence of strangers and placed upon a stool, where she sat awkwardly enough till he again told her to sing. Then the harsh, gutteral song poured forth in the family sitting-room, to the great delight of the small folk and to the great wonder and amusement of their elders. Not until she received permission did Topsey venture to bring her mirth-provoking concert to a close, or return to her companions in the chicken-yard.

As I studied this boy and his power over the living things beneath him, I was more and more convinced that it was due to a remarkable sympathy with them, such as we ordinarily feel for our best friends or the dearest members of our households. Birds, squirrels, hens, never questioned his good intentions. They knew he would not have a sudden change of mood and frighten them away; they were his little friends and he was theirs. Nor was their confidence in him ever abused. Had this been even possible they would not have trusted him so far.

But the other little boy whom I knew, and who had a [illegible] was also remarkable. Both boys were about twelve years old. The second was a little Californian. He was a cat-charmer. Walking along the streets in which he lived, he would give a peculiar whistle, and lo! whatever cat was lurking unseen in that vicinity immediately appeared before him and followed him.

On he passed on his homeward march, and at his call other cats came in sight and joined the procession. From dim alleys they emerged; from shed roofs they descended; from comfortable doorsteps they rose up; from curbstone promenades they turned aside; all because a little lad with a charming call had drawn them from their obscure places. And when he reached home his mother would frequently be filled with consternation to see as many as fourteen strange cats at his heels! Cats which had never before seen him were thus drawn by his cry to follow where he led. Great cats, small cats, lean cats, brawny cats, brown cats, black cats, gray cats, tawny cats, all held by the magic spell which the small lad could exert. I have seen the little Ohio boy do all the things which I have written. The little Californian I knew, but his power over cats was told me by his mother and sisters. What was the secret of his power? Why did these city cats desire to become his companions? I cannot say, but in his ability to win the obedience of these dumb creatures it seems he was vastly like the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.'

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So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue March 29, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Lord Methuen—'Daily Mail,' London.
Cecil De la Rey—'Daily Mail,' London.
The Boers in Europe—'The Scotsman,' Abridged.
Superfluous World Wars—New York 'Evening Post.'
The Chinese Court's First Railway Journey—Correspondence of 'The Times,' London.
The Prophylaxis of Suicide—'American Medicine.'
The English Prison System—By Alderman J. W. Southern in Manchester 'Guardian.'
[illegible]
Happy Homes for 'Nobody's Children'—By Dr. Thomas J. Barnardo, in the 'Missionary Review of the World.'
Making Washington Beautiful—'Leisure Hour.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Ways of Seeing Pictures—'The Academy,' London.
A 'Conference' on 'Le Theatre'—'The Mail, London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Flaubite Cook—Easter poem.
After Two Years—Poem, by Edgar Wallace, in the 'Spectator.'
Two Worlds—Poem, by William H. Hayne, in the March 'Critic.'
[illegible]
The Teachings of Ibsen.
The Weekly Press in England—Extract from 'The Monthly Review,' London.
Financial Crises—'The Nation,' New York.
Scottish Men of Letters—'The Standard,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

True Functions of a University—By Professor George Trumbull Ladd, in 'The Forum.'
School Buildings and School Mottoes—By Milo, in Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
The War Against Mosquitoes—New York 'Evening Post.'
Mapping a Monkey's Brain—London 'Leader.'
How to Look for Birds—By Robert J. Burn, in 'Primary Education.'

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LESSON III.—APRIL 20, 1902.

Peter and Cornelius

Acts x., 34-48. Memory verses, 34, 35. Read Acts x., 1-48.

Golden Text.

'God is no respecter of persons.'—Acts x., 24.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 14.—Acts x., 1-16
Tuesday, April 15.—Acts x., 17-29.
Wednesday, April 16.—Acts x., 30-48.
Thursday, April 17.—Matt. viii., 5-13.
Friday, April 18.—Eph. iii., 1-12.
Saturday, April 19.—John iv., 1-14.
Sunday, April 20.—Gal. iii., 7-14.

Lesson Text.

(34) Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: (35) But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him. (36) The word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ: (he is Lord of all:) (37) That word, I say, ye know, which was published throughout all Judea, and began from Galilee, after the baptism which John preached; (38) How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him. (39) And we are witnesses of all things which he did, both in the land of the Jews, and in Jerusalem; whom they slew and hanged on a tree: (40) Him God raised up the third day, and showed him openly; (41) Not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God, even to us, who did eat and drink with him after he rose from the dead. (42) And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead. (43) To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins. (44) While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word.

Notes from Peloubet.

Cornelius was a member of an ancient and distinguished Italian family, the Cornelian gens, or family, of which the famous Roman generals, the Scipios and Sulla, were members.

Position. He was a Roman centurion, that is, captain of a company of one hundred men, the Italian band, probably volunteers from Italy.

A man in the position of Cornelius had abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with the Jewish religion, their one true God, and the loftiness of their code of morals. Cornelius, like the Roman centurion at Capernaum, received the truth, and worshipped God in spirit and in truth, but did not become a Jewish proselyte, accepting all their ritual and forms of worship. He was (1) a devoutly religious man; (2) worshipping the one true God, and in the best way he knew, fasting and adopting the Jewish hours of prayer. (3) He was openly religious, his whole household going with him, and his kinsmen and intimate friends feeling his influence (v. 24). (4) He expressed his piety in almsgiving, helping his fellowmen. (5) He was honest and upright in his dealings (v. 22). (6) Doubtless, like the most devout Jews, he was looking and longing for better things, for fuller truth, for higher life. He felt like Goethe whose dying cry was 'More light'; and added the deeper cry, 'More love.' What he prayed for with the earnestness of fasting can be seen by the sequel, for the answer to the prayer shows what the heart of the prayer was.

In answer to his prayer, and the memorial of his love expressed in acts of kindness and love, there stood by him in a vision, one day at the three o'clock hour of prayer, an angel in the form of a man in shining raiment, who bade him send to Joppa and ask Peter to come to him. This was the way to the light, and a test of the faith of Cornelius.

The meaning of Peter's vision is not that 'all forms of humanity, though debased in ignorance and vice,' are clean, but that all of them whom God hath cleansed are clean, and are to be received into the new kingdom on equal terms with the Jews, without their becoming Jews. We should 'see in every human being, a soul for which Christ has poured out his cleansing blood,' and do our utmost that he may receive the divine cleansing. And when he is cleansed, he is our brother, be he native or foreigner, black or white, ignorant or educated, from the slums or from a palace.

Peter was still in perplexity as to the meaning of his vision, when the three men from Cornelius reached the house of Simon the tanner, and inquired for him. The Spirit bade him go with them. The next day Peter, with six leading disciples of Joppa (Acts xi., 12), accompanied the three messengers to Cesarea. They reached Cornelius's house on the fourth day, at three o'clock, and found the Roman centurion with relatives and friends assembled and waiting. The centurion welcomed Peter, and Peter inquired why he had been sent for. V. 29 is a good text for a minister who is called to a parish, or a teacher who is asked to take a class. Cornelius tells why he sent for Peter, and asks him to speak.

God is no respector of persons. (1) All men alike need salvation. (2) God loves all men and wants all to be saved. (3) There is one and the same condition of salvation for all. (4) Those who honestly and earnestly seek shall certainly find.

But in every nation, Jew or Gentile. He that feareth him, and worketh righteousness. These two particulars include the observation of both tables of the law. Is accepted with him. If the things done were good in themselves, they were equally good, whoever did them. 'Peter shows a belief that there were some men who feared God, and worked righteousness among non-Jewish races and nations, who were accepted of God.'—President Woolsey. God's only test is what a person really is in moral character. All must be saved in the same way, on the same conditions, subject to the same penalties if they refuse, and open to the same blessings if they repent and believe.

The Gospel came by Jesus Christ. The word (the message) . . . unto the children of Israel, who first received it, and who had been prepared for it by a long training. Preaching. Greek, evangelizing, preaching the good tidings of peace, i.e., salvation. (1) Peace with God; (2) peace from the condemnation of conscience; (3) peace among men, who now become brothers; (4) peace in the soul, whose powers are now all in harmony under one supreme Lord. By Jesus Christ. The divine Saviour. He is Lord of all. Jew and Gentile. Not a mere prophet, but the Lord himself.

The Holy Ghost fell on all of them. The Jews from Joppa and the Gentiles from Cesarea. This was the testimony of the Holy Spirit that God treated Jews and Gentiles alike, and that, therefore, the Christians should so treat them. They all spoke with tongues, and it is probable that there was the same visible manifestation of flaming tongues as on the day of Pentecost; for Peter in his report to the disciples at Jerusalem (Acts xi., 15) says that the Holy Ghost fell on them 'as on us at the beginning.' This was the proof of Peter's saying at the opening of his address (v. 34).

This gift had the same symbolic meaning as on the day of Pentecost; the symbol of the tongue, the symbol of the flame; the gospel for all nations and races, the unity of the church, the new power from heaven, the new life.

Commanded them to be baptized, as the public profession of their faith in Jesus.

Baptism was the method by which this purifying change was conferred. Public confession confirms the resolve, burns the ships behind us, helps to undo the evil example of the past, is an aid to others to change their lives, is one proof that the repentance is real. Dr. Gelkie says, 'Ablution in the East is, indeed, of itself, almost a religious duty. The dust and heat weigh upon the spirits and heart like a load; its removal is refreshment and happiness. It was, hence, impossible to see a convert go down into a stream, travel-worn and soiled with dust, and in a moment emerge pure and fresh, without feeling that the symbol suited and interpreted a strong craving of the human heart.'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 20.—Topic—How can I know that I am saved? John viii., 32; I. John iii., 14; Rom. viii., 1-6; I. John iv., 7.

Junior C. E. Topic.

PEOPLE THAT HAVE HELPED.

Mon., April 14.—A beautiful necklace. Prov. iii., 3, 4.

Tues., April 15.—The law of kindness. Prov. xxxi., 26.

Wed., April 16.—Quenchless love. Song viii., 7.

Thu., April 17.—'Unto me.' Matt. xxv., 40.

Fri., April 17.—The great debt. Rom. xiii., 8-10.

Sat., April 18.—The Golden Rule. Luke vi., 31.

Sun., April 20.—Topic—People that have helped me, and how. Eph. v., 1, 2.

Drunkenness in the Land of Beer.

It is little wonder that German political economists are appalled at their alcohol problem. An article on drunkenness in the sixth volume of Dr. Konrad's Cyclopedia of Political Economy ('Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften') makes the statement that one-fourteenth of the men in gainful occupations are employed in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors and that one-fifteenth of the arable land is required to grow the materials for these drinks. The government of Wurtemberg has statistics showing that 18.8 percent of the average income of its inhabitants is spent upon liquor. Throughout Germany the average expenditure for a family of five for drink is sixty-two and a half dollars annually.

We have heard 'there is little drunkenness in Germany,' but Dr. Bode states that 'in Prussia alone 8,163 cases of delirium tremens were treated in the hospitals in 1885.'

He says, 'A great proportion of the epilepsy, idiocy, and mental deficiency are also due to the drunken habits of the parents or of the afflicted themselves.' In 1880 one person in every 1,17[illegible] became insane by the use of drink. He [illegible] that 'prison officials like Baer, Illig, and Krohne estimate that at least half of the crimes and misdemeanors must be attributed to drunkenness, and that 93,576 acts of violence tried in the courts in 1889 were the result of drink.' 'Experts in the care of the poor trace from 50 to 90 percent of the poverty to the drink customs. From 1882-91 there were 44,539 tramps in the German labor colonies; all but 23 percent of these were thus degraded through drunkenness.'—Mrs. J. H. W. Stuckenberg, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.'

A Very Dear Drink.

A passenger in the boat train for Southampton the other day found it necessary to alight at Woking to assuage his thirst. The train started and left him behind. Officials were informed, with the result that he ordered a special train, the cost being £24. He had not the money on him in cash, but he satisfied the local bank authorities of his credit, and they accepted his choque for the amount. The railway authorities appropriated the cheque, and the special conveyed the passenger to Southampton in time to catch his boat.—'Daily Mail.'

LITTLE FOLKS

('C. W. M., in 'Regions Beyond.')

'About eighteen months ago, one Sunday evening in Paris, a ring of little French children squatted down upon the floor around a missionary and begged for stories.

'What kind of stories?'

'Oh! about wild beasts, please.'

The grown-up people sat outside the ring of little ones. All listened spellbound to the tales unfolded by the grey-bearded veteran in their midst. During an hour and a half you might have heard a pin drop. The boys even forgot to pinch each other's legs, or slyly pull each other's hair. It is true they were French children, who are more polite and less addicted to such tricks than English ones, I fear, are.

They heard hippopotamus stories, porcupine stories, ant-eater stories, buffalo stories, giraffe, antelope, and zebra stories, a leopard story, and, best of all, three accounts of lion hunts. When the last one was finished the narrator said, 'That's all.'

'Oh!' and one little boy called out 'couldn't you remember one more, M. Coillard; just one about a crocodile?'

JONS SHOWS HIS VALOUR.

These young people thought it an excellent plan to send missionaries out to wild, new countries on purpose that they might come back and tell them stories of adventures. One little boy wrote a letter—to be sure he was only six—in which he said, 'I think I should like to be a missionary a little bit, so that I could go to Africa and see a great many more wild beasts than there are even in the Jardin d'Acclimatation (the Paris Zoological Gardens). But I don't think I can go now because I should have to leave my mamma. Perhaps when I am bigger she will come to the Zambesi with me. Now (and here comes the important thing), I send you sevenpence, which I got for sweeping leaves in the garden and for selling some shells; and I should like you to buy some oxen with it to drag your waggon to the Zambesi, so that you may not have to carry everything yourself.' (!)

An ox costs about £10 or £15, so you can guess how much of an ox sevenpence would buy—about the five hundredth part of one. Perhaps it paid for a tooth, or the point of a horn or the tip of his tail. All the same, it was a very precious gift, for it meant a real sacrifice. Only, you see, our little friend did not quite understand what the missionary went to Africa for. It was not on purpose to hunt lions, still less to come back and tell stories about them. It was to save people from Satan, who as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour, and who is very angry indeed with the servants of God who come to invade his realm. I wonder how many of you can finish the verse? Try to think before you look—'whom resist, steadfast in the faith.'

'Resist' does not mean 'run away,' does it? Yet there are some boys and girls, as well as some grown-up people who behave as though it did. They are like the 'slothful man' in Proverbs who is afraid to turn out because he says, 'There is a lion in the way; a lion in the streets.' The sluggard thinks that a reason for keeping in; you would think it a reason for going out, wouldn't you?

Perhaps you wonder what all this has got to do with M. Coillard's stories. A great deal, as you will see when I tell you one of them. I wish I could tell them all, but one must do for to-day.

M. COILLARD'S STORY.

'Jons was a boy whom we brought with us from Basutoland to drive our waggon. Very proud he was to sit on the box in an old soldier's uniform and to crack his whip; and very loudly did he boast of his bravery whenever there was the least chance of a hunt. He would work himself into the greatest state of excitement, waving his gun and snapping the trigger; but

for a long time he never had a chance of showing what he could do, for we had to leave him in charge of the oxen whenever we went after game.

'At last his opportunity came. We had to travel with a miniature Noah's ark following our waggon, namely, a light cart containing dogs, cats, fowls, goats and pigs. At night the dogs were tethered under the cart to give the alarm if beasts of prey should approach. But the lions seemed clever enough to reason that if they could only capture the watchdog they could carry off the rest of the farmyard in peace—so that was what they did.

'So soon as we found our dog gone, and traced the lion's spoor (as we called his tracks in South Africa), we decided to organize a big hunt. Jons was wildly elated, "Master," he exclaimed, "you must let me help; there is not my equal for a lion hunt. I never miss a shot. I never lose a bullet." And this proved no idle boast, for the excellent reason that Jons was never known to fire one off! At the first alarm he invariably fled, usually leaving his gun behind him. But we did not know that as yet.

'This time, as the lion was not likely to return for a few hours, I sent him, with some of the others, to rest while I watched. He seemed very unwilling to yield to such unsportsmanlike laziness but complied.

'At last I heard a rustle in the grass—it was the lion returning—and I hastened back to give the alarm. The camp was surrounded by a high stockade, with fires blazing round it. We had to take up our position outside it. Jons was sunk in such a sweet sleep I had the greatest difficulty to wake him. When he could no longer even pretend he had not noticed my shoutings and shakings he opened one eye a little way, and said:—

'"Oh, master, I am so disappointed I cannot join in the lion hunt! I have such a dreadful headache."

'"Nonsense," I answered; "who thinks of headaches when there are lions about? Take your gun like a man, and come along." He followed me, trembling and allowed himself to be posted in the circle with the others ready to shoot. The lion crept towards us and the signal was given—"Fire!" But at the critical moment we heard no shot from Jons's direction; indeed, he was nowhere to be found. We stumbled over his gun, and when the lion was disposed of we searched for Jons. Finally he was discovered clinging panic-stricken to the back of the women's waggon in the darkest and safest corner of the kraal.'

Of course none of you would be a coward or a skulker like Jons. Let us see! There are many boys and girls who would go off to the mission field to-day with the greatest delight, but God says to them, 'Wait for a while; when the right time comes I will send you.'

Some day, when you are men and women, he will remind you of your promise. Will you be ready to go then, or will you find, like Jons, that 'you have really such a dreadful headache,' or some other hindrance, that the others must go without you?

Would it not be a mean thing then to say, like the slothful man in Proverbs, 'There is a lion in the way; a lion in the streets?'

The Bird's Quarrel.

(Anna C. Young, in 'S.S. Times.')

It all started with such a little matter. Miss Brown Thrush and Miss Blue Bird had both gotten out of their nests in a very bad humor, and nothing had gone right all day; everything and everybody had been wrong except themselves, and now they were sitting opposite each other on a bough of an apple-tree down in the orchard, with their feathers ruffled up, looking very angry indeed.

'It's blue, and any bird could see it's blue, if he only chose to look,' said Miss Thrush, in a shrill tone, as she sat with her face towards the east.

'And I say it's red,—just as red as can be, no matter what any bird says,' responded Miss Blue Bird, who sat facing the west.

'You're a very horrid bird,' cried Miss Thrush angrily, ruffling up her golden-brown jacket so that it nearly hid the pretty dots on her breast.

'And you are quite as horrid,' answered Miss Blue Bird, 'if you only knew it.'

And, sorry to relate, each flew at the other, and, with angry cries, nearly pecked each other's eyes out.

'Children, children, shame on you!' hooted the wise old owl in the pear tree, and all the violets and snowdrops, hiding, fearfully the grass below, lifted up their heads and nodded.

But Miss Thrush and Miss Blue Bird were so beside themselves with anger, they only pecked harder than ever, and the flowers were glad that a fresh breeze blew the grass over them again. The noisy cries of the two birds attracted the attention of the other birds in the neighborhood, and soon there were hundreds of them in the trees, all talking at once and keeping up such a twittering that the children in the white house near by thought there must be a bird festival. No one seemed anxious to stop the quarrelling until the old owl, feeling his way along in the bright sunshine, flew over and separated the angry birds, and all the other birds with one consent chose him judge to decide the quarrel.

'Now, what is it all about?' he hooted solemnly. 'Miss Blue Bird you may speak first.'

Miss Blue Bird smoothed her feathers, and, speaking in a weak voice because she was short of breath, said:

'We were talking about the sky, and Miss Thrush rudely insisted that its color is blue, while I say it is red; and any bird who looks at it will certainly sustain me in what I say,' and she glanced at Miss Thrush angrily.

'And I say again it is blue, and any bird can see it is as I say,' answered Miss Thrush, looking quite as angry.

And then there was such a twittering of laughter among the birds, and one little violet laughed so hard she nearly shook her head off, while Miss Thrush and Miss Blue Bird, not understanding the joke, looked discomfited.

'Well, well,' laughed Judge Owl, 'you are two very silly birds, I must say. If Miss Thrush will be good enough to turn round she will see that the sky in the west is red; it almost always is at this time of day, so I have heard said; and if Miss Blue Bird will turn round, she will certainly say the sky in the other direction is blue. It simply depends on the way you look at it.'

And Mr. Sun, who was just going to bed, but had waited to hear the outcome of the quarrel, laughed so hard that his red face became redder than ever, and Miss Thrush and Miss Blue Bird were wiser birds when they tucked their heads under their wings, and went to sleep that night.

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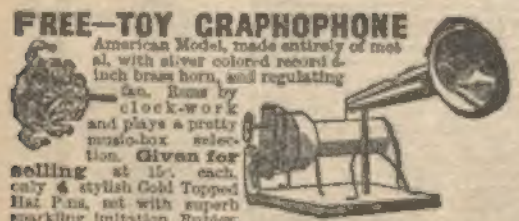

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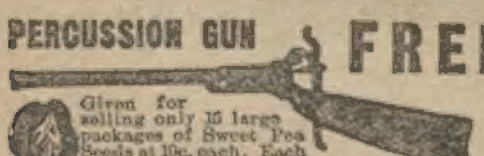

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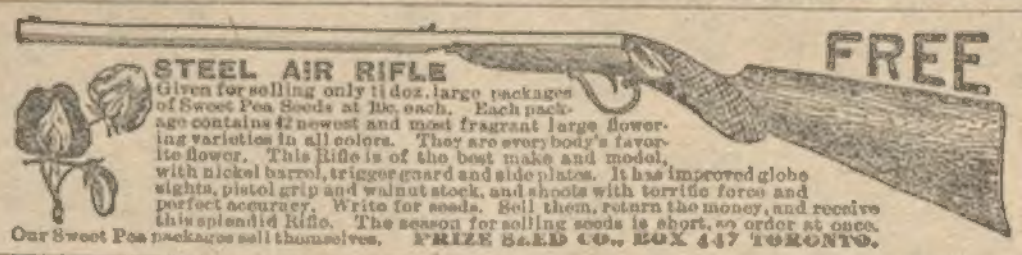

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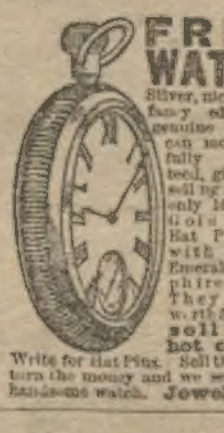
Handsome Silver nickel Watch, with ornamented edge and reliable American movement, given for selling only 2 doz. large, beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return $2.40, and we send your Watch, postpaid. **ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 431 TORONTO.**

Magic Lantern

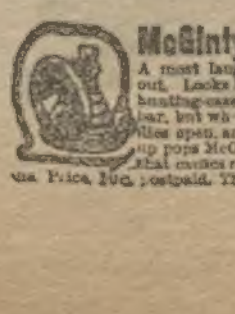
With powerful adjustable lenses, showing dozens of comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc., given for selling at 15c each, only 8 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved top set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for pins. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. Jewelry Co., Box 429 Toronto.



FREE WATCH

Silver, nickel case, fancy edge and genuine American movement, fully guaranteed, given for selling at 15c. only 16 stylish Gold Topped Hat Pins, set with Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. They look dandy and take the eye like wildfire. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will send this beautiful watch, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 402 TORONTO.**

Dear Sirs—I received my Watch and like it far better than I expected. It is worth $50, and whoever it is, it is true that you sell like hot cakes. give more than you promise. I think you many times, for the work was not enough for this Price. WILTON J. JOHNSTON, Parmley, Ont.



McGinty Watch and Chain

A most laughable novelty. The latest thing out. Looks like a handsomely engraved silver hunting-case watch with a beautiful chain and fob, but when you press the spring the case flies open, and to the surprise of all beholders up pops McGinty with a grin on his Irish face, that makes roars of laughter. Don't be without one. Price, 10c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.

FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved Gold Ring, given for selling only 10 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return $1.00 and receive this beautiful Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 409 Toronto**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner complete, given for selling at 15c. each only 4 Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return the money, and we send this well-made real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., all charges paid. **THE JEWELRY CO., Box 445 Toronto, Ontario.**

FREE GOLD WATCH

LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE, handsome Gold-stiffened Double Hunting Case, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs. Nickel case and set with reliable JEWELLED movement. LOOKS WELL WORTH $50.00. We give it ABSOLUTELY FREE for selling at 15c. each only 32 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops, set with handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. THEY SELL LIKE HOT CAKES. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money and receive this handsome Watch postpaid. AGENTS TRADING CO., Box 438, TORONTO.

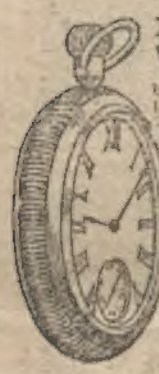
BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 15c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.

FREE GOLD CASED Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $30.00. We give it for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable Hat Pins set with handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. They look worth 50c. and sell like hot cakes. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 49 TORONTO

FREE STEAM ENGINE With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling only 4 doz. large package of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return 40c, and we send this real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., postpaid. THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 445 TORONTO

COSTLY RINGS FREE Elegantly engraved 14k. Gold-filled Keeper Rings, beautiful 14k. Gold-filled Gem Rings set with brilliant sparkling Imitation Diamonds, Rubies, Opals, Pearls, etc. **Your choice** for selling at 15c. any Stylish Gold topped Hat Pins set with superb Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. They look worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return $1.20 and we send your exquisite ring in a velvet box, postpaid. THE JEWELRY CO., TORONTO



LEARN THIS WATCH by selling only 2 doz. Song Books at 10c. each. These big books measure 8x11 inches, are clearly printed on good paper and bound in attractive colored covers. Each book contains 60 Songs, comic, coon, sentimental and pathetic, all the latest out, well worth 50c. **At 10c. everybody buys them. They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Song Books. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. Enterprise Co., Box 403 Toronto

FREE OPALS AND RUBIES Elegantly engraved Gold-laid ring, set with 3 large beautiful imitation **Opals**, showing all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, and 6 exquisitely cut fiery, flashing **Rubies.** A magnificent present for lady. Looks well worth $5.00. Given for selling at 10c. each only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea seeds, each package containing 42 of the large and most fragrant varieties. They sell like hot cakes. Write for seeds, sell them, return $1.20, and we mail this superb Ring in a velvet box. Prize Seed Co., Box 449 Toronto.

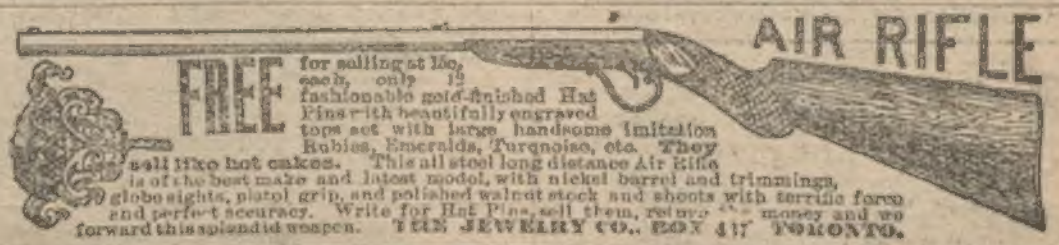
FREE COLD WATCH **Lady's or Gent's size,** handsomely engraved double hunting case, 14k. gold finished, stem wind and set, with reliable **jewelled** movement given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money and receive your handsome watch, postpaid. **The Prize Seed Co., Box 43 Toronto, Ont**

We give this PEARL HANDLED FOUR-BLADED KNIFE for selling only 6 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at only 10c. each. Each package contains 42 fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for seeds, sell them, return 60c., and receive this beautiful knife postpaid. **FREE** **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 448 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE New Princess Bracelet, elegant design consisting of 38 large beautiful imitation Pearls 48 splendid deep blue imitation Turquoise and a superb medallion of a beautiful Cherub in colors in a fancy Gold setting. Given for selling only 6 large beautiful packages of delicious Rose, Violet and Heliotrope Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return 60c. and we mail this superb Bracelet. Rose Perfume Co., Box 452 Toronto.

FREE SOLID GOLD WATCH

No Humbug. No Trick. No Catch. Not a "Gold Finished," "Gold Plated," or "Gold Filled," but a **REAL SOLID GOLD WATCH GIVEN AWAY. We mean just what we say and do just what we promise.** We are giving away **SOLID GOLD WATCHES ABSOLUTELY FREE. NOT ONE CENT TO PAY.** All we ask you to do is to sell 4 doz. stylish Gold-topped, handsome, Gem set Hat Pins at only 15c. each. These Pins are sold right along at from 25c. to 50c. By buying them in immense quantities for spot cash we are able to offer them at 15c. each, at which price **they are a marvellous bargain. They go like wildfire. People everywhere are crazy to get them.** You can easily earn a **Solid Gold Watch by an hour or two of pleasant work. We require no deposit. We ask not one cent in advance.** Write and we send the Hat Pins postpaid. After you have sold them send us the money and we will send you this **SOLID GOLD WATCH** by registered mail. **THIS WATCH IS THE GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED IN THIS OR ANY OTHER COUNTRY. We have ourselves seen them sold wholesale at $15.00 each. It is a watch that retail ed as high as $25.00.** We have secured a limited quantity at an extremely low price and are using them exclusively to advertise our business. We will not sell one to any person for less than $15.00 spot cash. This Watch is made of **SOLID GOLD,** richly engraved, stem wind and set, open face, fitted with a finely adjusted **full jewelled movement. GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS. JUST THINK, you can get this high grade Solid Gold Watch without spending one cent.** Simply by selling only 4 doz. stylish Hat Pins at 15c. each. It seems too good to be true, but **IT IS TRUE.** The editor of this paper will tell you that we always keep every promise we make. **The premiums we gave away last year cost us no less than $9538.89.** Amongst these was a **$700.00 Grand Upright Piano,** which we gave to Jas. Cook, Littlewoods P.O., Cumberland Co., N.S. **There is not one word of exaggeration or misrepresentation in this advertisement. WE WILL PAY $1000.00** to any person who will prove that the watch we give for selling only 4 doz. Hat Pins at 15c. each is not made of **Solid Gold** and is not fitted with a reliable jewelled movement. Can anything be fairer? This is without any exaggeration **the chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it.** This advertisement may not appear again. Sit right down and write for Hat Pins at once. **THE NATIONAL WATCH & JEWELRY CO., TORONTO, ONTARIO.**



FREE for selling at 15c. each, only 12 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This all steel long distance Air Rifle is of the best make and latest model, with nickel barrel and trimmings, globe sights, pistol grip, and polished walnut stock and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money and we forward this splendid weapon. **AIR RIFLE** THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 417 TORONTO.

FREE **FREE BICYCLE** **FREE** Lady's or Gent's. **Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle. We are giving them away absolutely free** for selling at 15c. each, only 4 doz. beautiful full length Hat Pins with exquisitely decorated Gold-finished tops set with large brilliant imitation Emeralds, Sapphires, Rubies, etc. They look well worth 50c. and **go like wildfire** at our special price of 15c. **Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength, beauty and cheapness. The biggest dealer in the country could not furnish you with their equal at less than $30.00.** They have seamless steel tube diamond frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddles, new shape handle bars and genuine faultless ball bearings throughout. **Every Bicycle we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is the chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it.** Write at once and we will send Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will tell your friends how you got it. **THE AGENTS TRADING CO., BOX 490 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

Face to Face with the Man in the Moon. Special 60 Day Offer to introduce this large, powerful Achromatic Telescope

Needed on Sea, Farm and Ranch. Made by the largest manufacturer in Europe, measures nearly 3 ft. when open, is fitted with powerful lenses scientifically ground and adjusted, has brass bound tubes, and is provided at both ends with brass dust caps. It brings to view objects miles away with astonishing clearness. Read what Customers say:—HECKSTON, ONT., Nov. 4 th, 1901. "I received the 99c. Telescope all right. It is a dandy. I could not take three times what I paid for it, if I could not get another one like it." ALVA PARSONS. MONCTON, N.B., Jan. 29th, 1902. "I am very much pleased with the Telescope." DANIEL H. MATTHEWS. CHILLIWACK, B.C., Mar 5rd, 1902. "It brings objects miles away very near to me." BEATTIE GRAHAM. Telescopes of this size have formerly sold at from $5.00 to $10.00. **Special Introductory Price, only 99c. postpaid.** A grand bargain. Don't miss it. The Mail Order Supply Co., Box 365 Toronto.

RIBBON REMNANT BARGAINS SPLENDID VALUES

These Ribbons are all from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. You cannot buy such fine Ribbons as these at any store without paying many times what we ask. Our stock of Ribbons from which we make up these packages consists of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottomans, and various other plain and fancy styles. All colors. No remnant less than one yard long. All first-class useful goods. Carefully packed in boxes and sent, postpaid, at 25c. a box, or 3 boxes for 60. MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 Toronto.

44-PIECE TEA SET **FREE** **44-Piece China Tea Set** **12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl.** Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated in pale green or terra cotta red. **A Regular $5.00 Set. Given absolutely free** for selling only 3 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 large flowering fragrant varieties in all colors. **Many agents sell all in a few minutes.** Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return the money and we ship this **magnificent 44-Piece Tea Set,** carefully packed. Write to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 456 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE We give this handsome polished nickel Watch, American Lever Movement, for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties of all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. Write and we mail the seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your neat reliable Watch, postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 403 TORONTO.**

X-RAY The greatest wonder of the 20th Century. By looking through this little instrument you apparently see the bones in your hand, the lead in a pencil, the hole in a pipe stem, etc., etc. Price 10c. each, or 3 for 25c., postpaid. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO, ONT.**

151 SONGS 10c. **Words and Music Complete,** the choicest gems and latest hits. A Wreath of Roses, Anvil Chorus, Dream On, The Man in the Moon, Work Niggers Work, Old Zip Coon, and 145 other Scotch, Irish, English, coon, comic and pathetic. A grand collection, one volume attractively bound. Price 10c. **The Novelty Co.** Box 401 Toronto